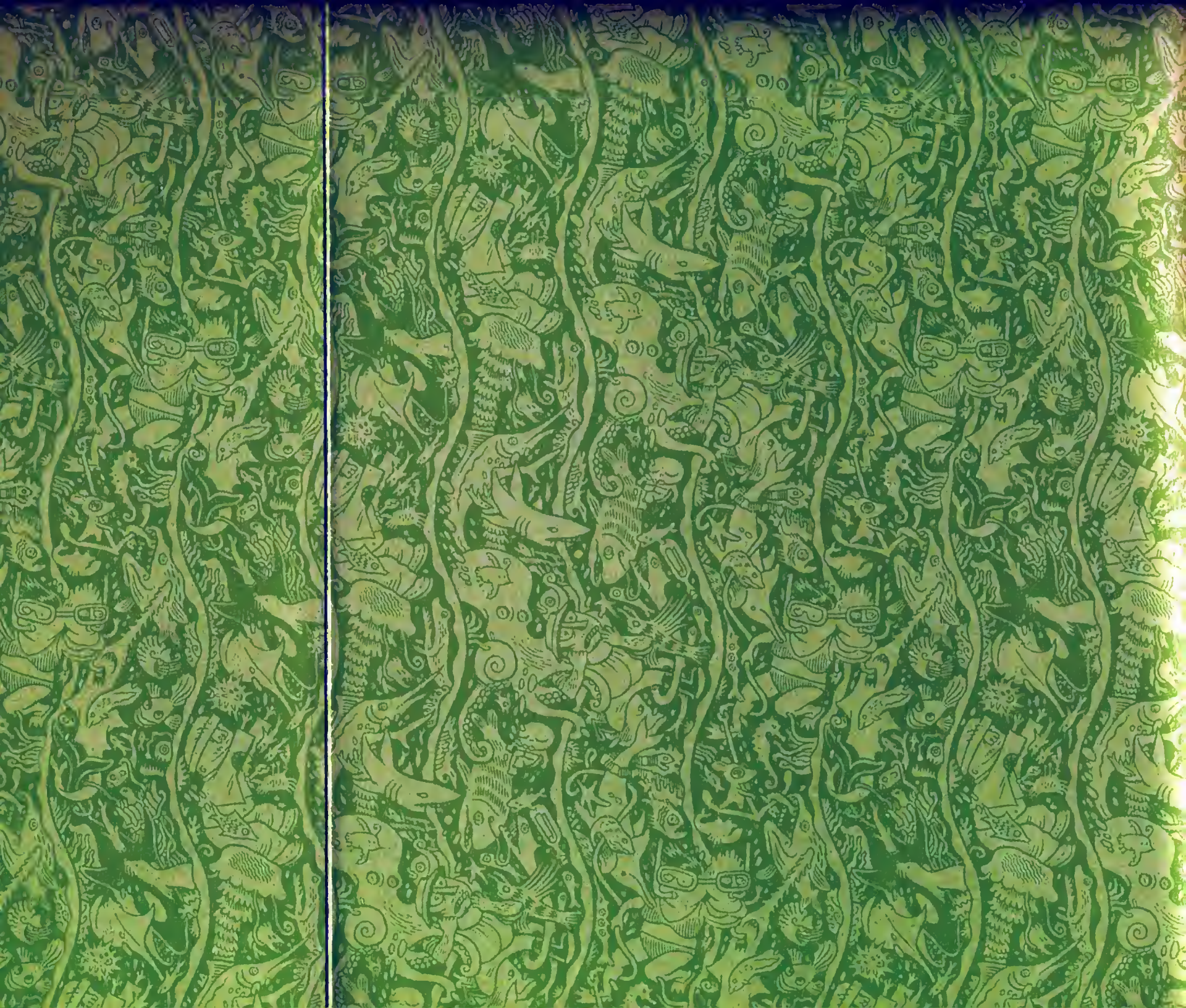


Good-bye,
Chunky
Rice

HARVEY
award winner





Goodbye, Chunky Rice

Craig Thompson
Top Shelf Productions
Marietta, Georgia







4th PRINTING

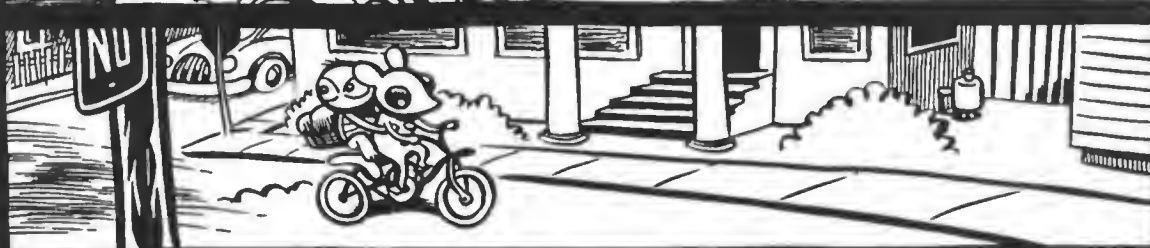
GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE, May of 2003. Fourth Printing. © Copyright 2003, 2002, 2001, 1999, CRAIG THOMPSON. Edited by CHRIS STAROS. Published by TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS INC., Brett Warnock and CHRIS STAROS, PO Box 1282, Marietta, GA 30061-1282. TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS INC. The Stories, Characters and Incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. No part of this book may be reproduced without permission, except small excerpts for purposes of review. Write for a free catalog or visit <www.topshelfcomix.com> THOMPSON, CRAIG. GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE / CRAIG THOMPSON. ISBN 1-891830-09-0 1, GRAPHIC NOVELS. 2, CARTOONS. Printed in Canada

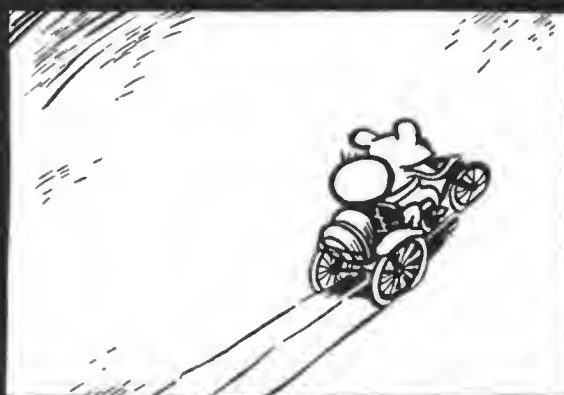
*This book is dedicated
to all of my friends
in Milwaukee, WI.*



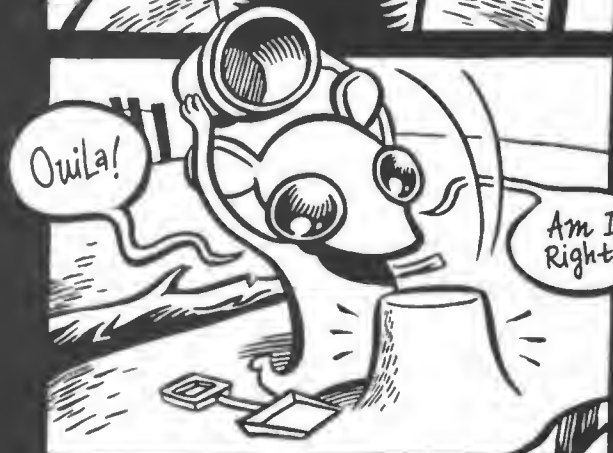
CLUNK

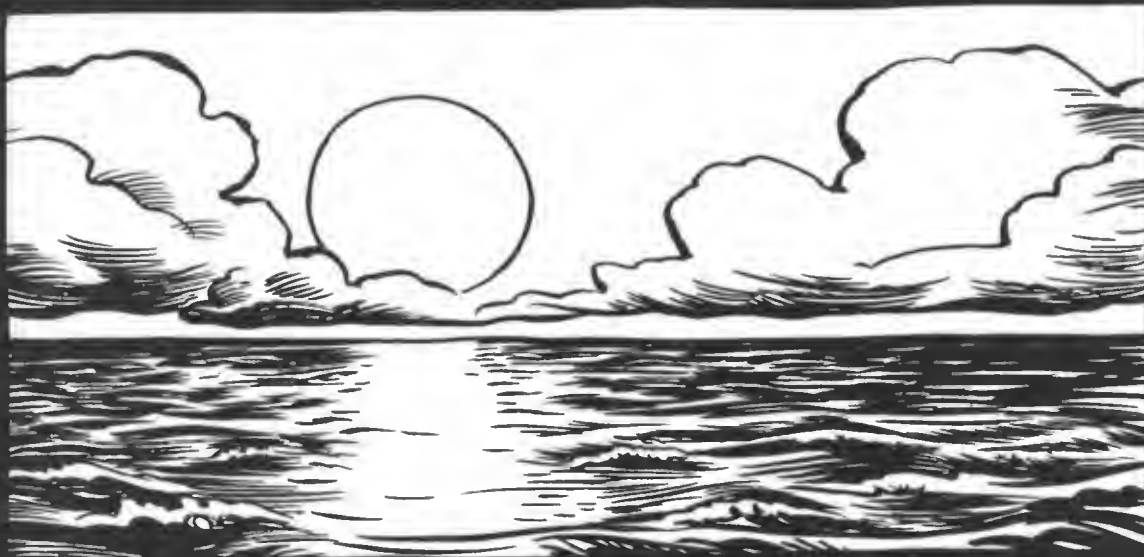


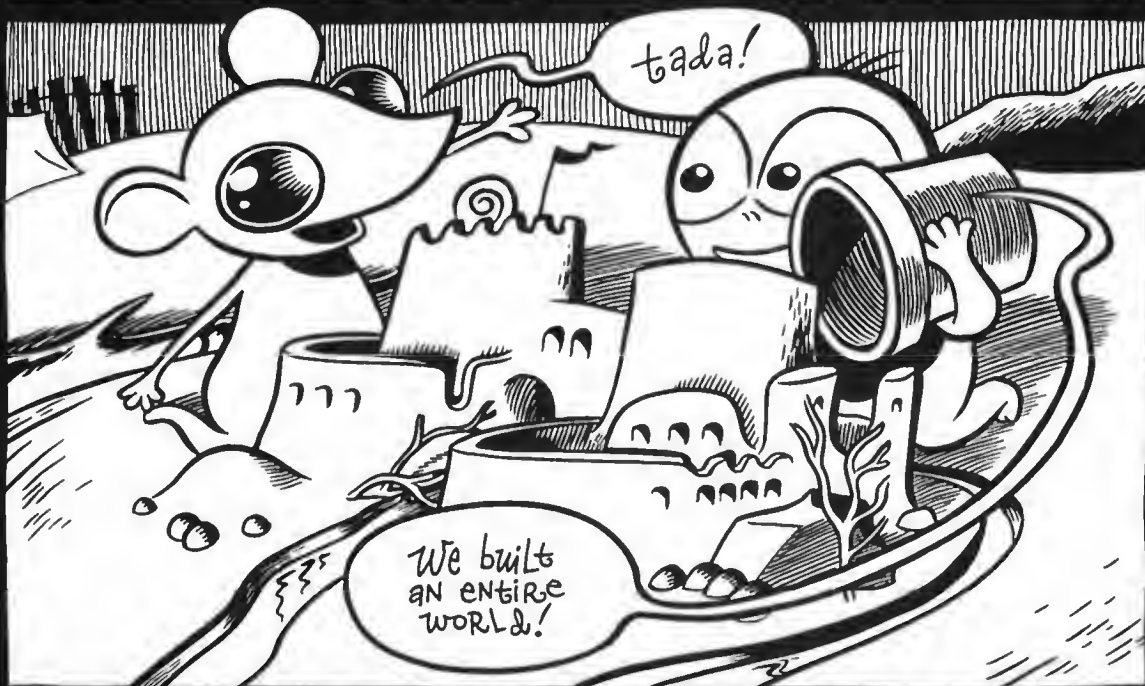
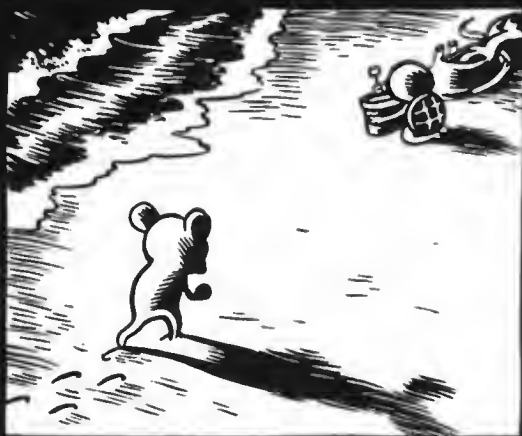














doot
doot

That's Right, Merle.
a turtle shell.

OR-fee-us makes hisself a little
Seetar out of a turtle shell.

No doubt he plumb drill
a hole ins to it & pulls some
twine across the hole.

And he pluck upon them
strings the finest tunes
what ever been heard.

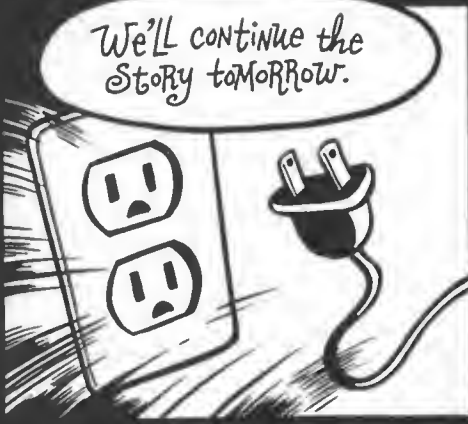
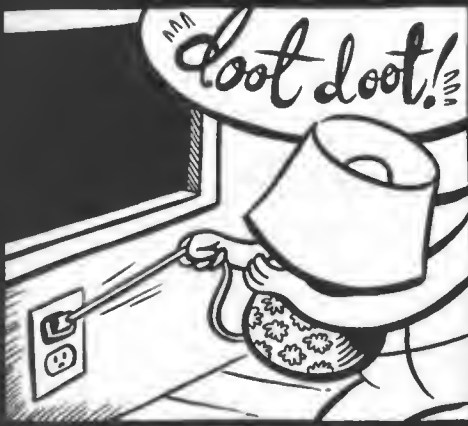
doot?

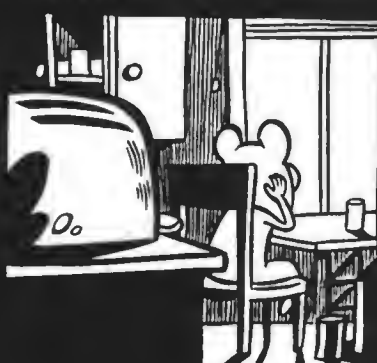
Yup. Music
More purdy than
the birds even.

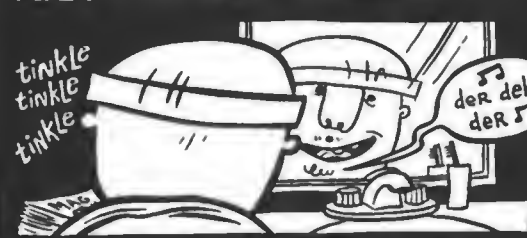
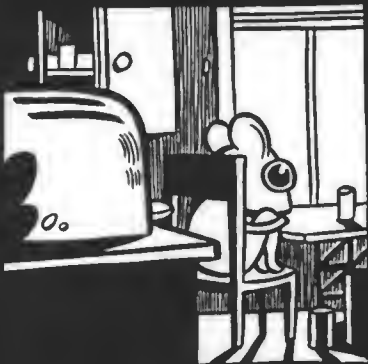
and everyone, Likewise,
they fancy OR-fee-us,

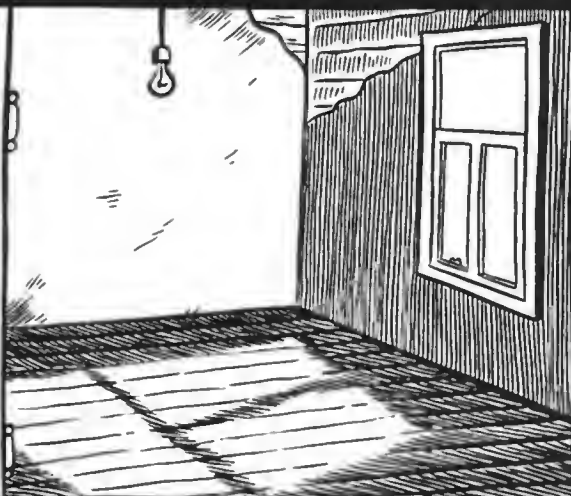
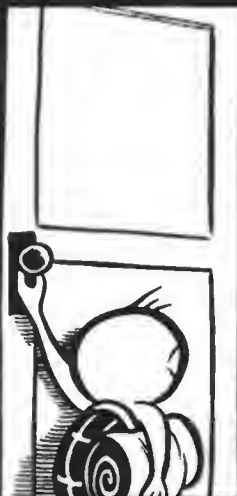
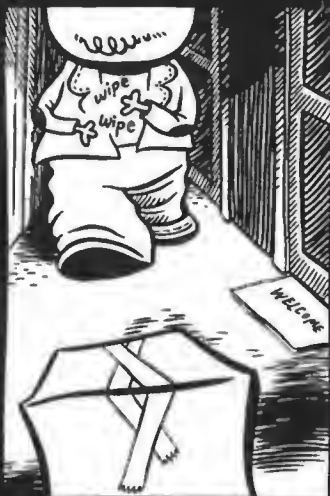






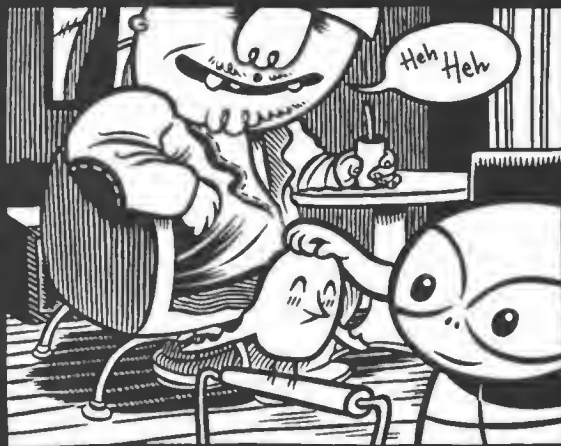
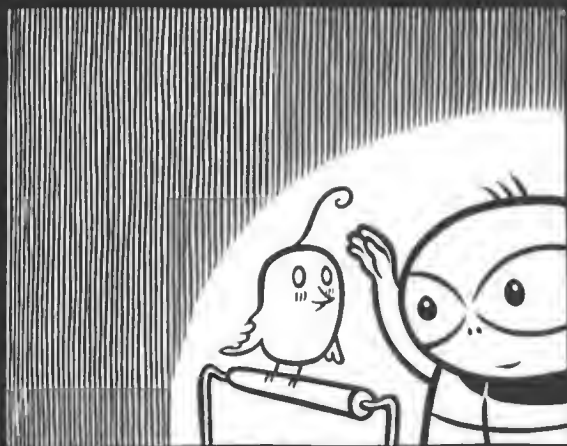
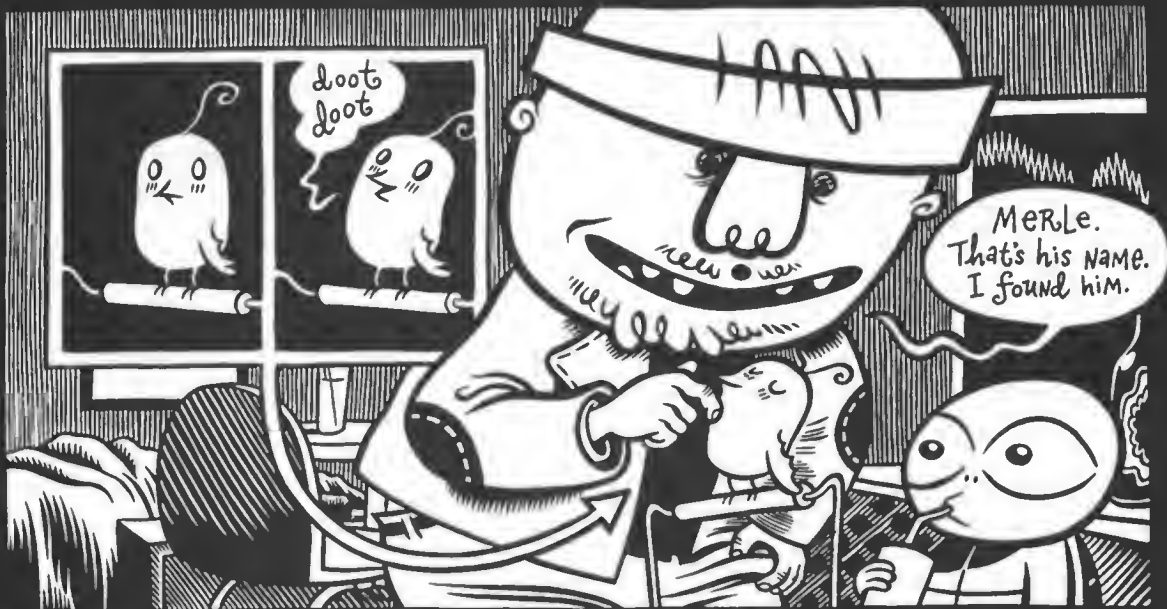






Sweet Mama! these boxes ain't no lightweights. Why don't we sip us a Lime-Aid first means while I be introducin' youse to me new roommate.

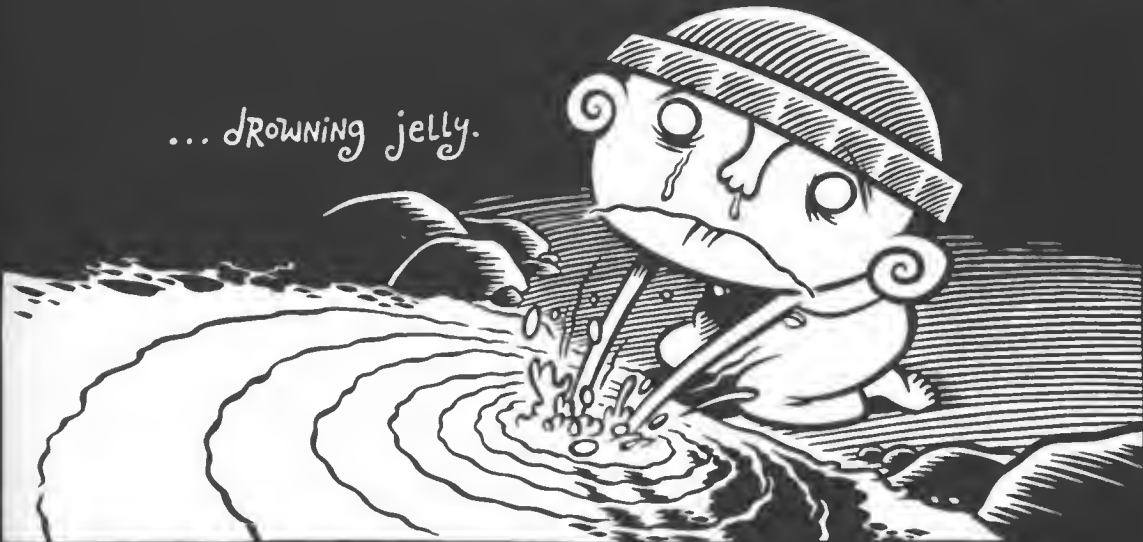
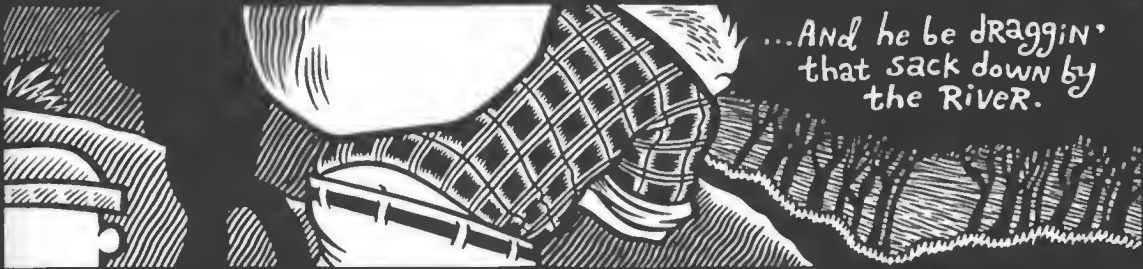




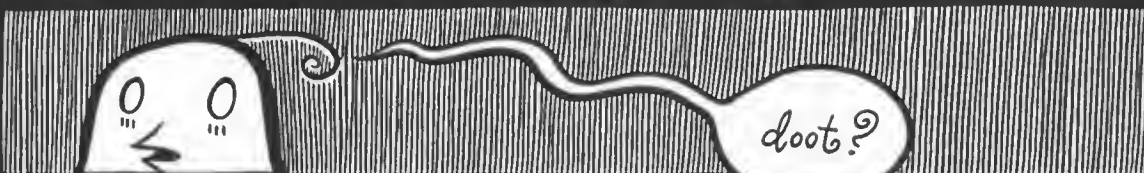


And one day
she's up and
had EIGHT PUPS.

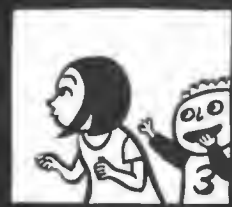


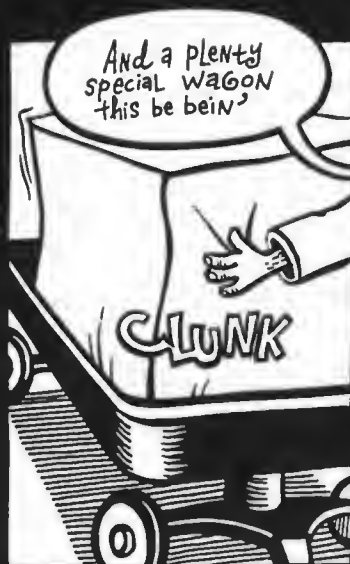


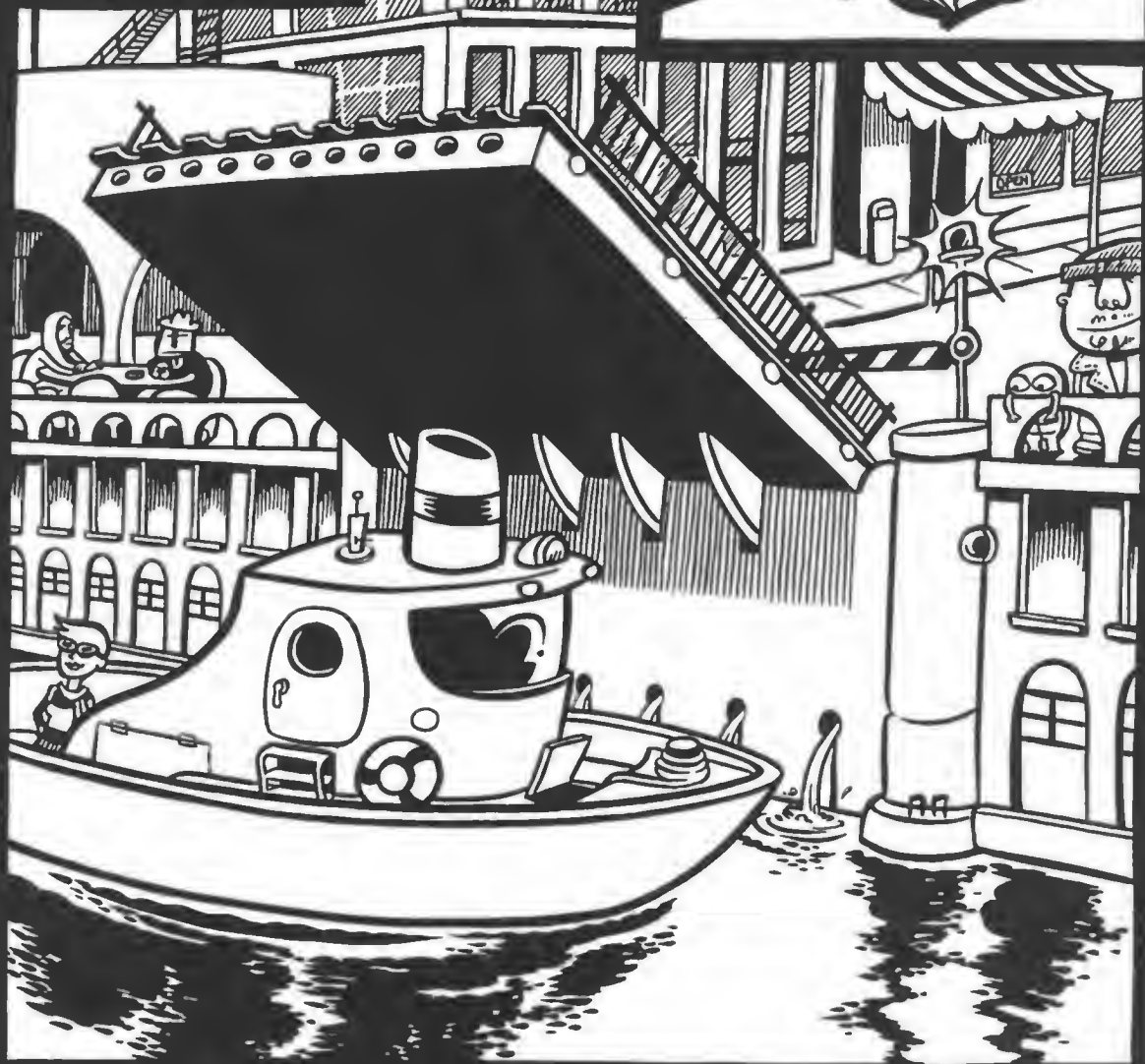
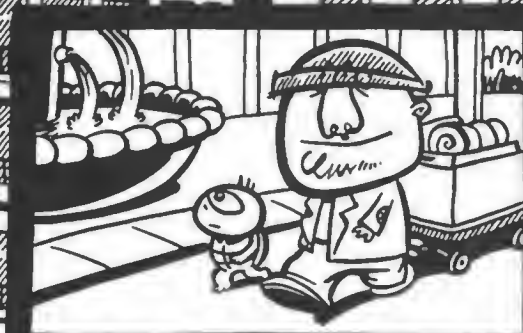
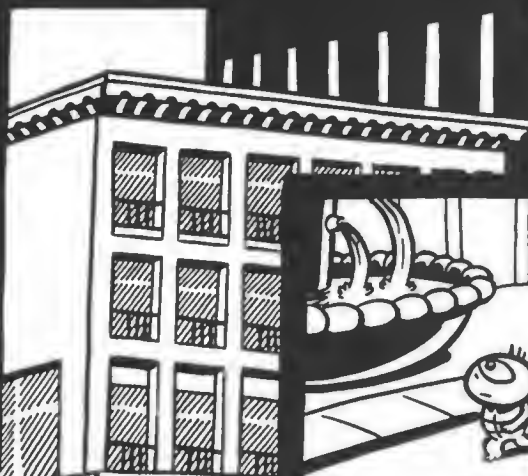














So we be floatin' them
Boats - or sinkin' them as
be my lot - and we plays
ourselves some Games
Like Hide & Go
up Seek.



ALL RIGHT.
Everybody hides
while I count
to TEN!



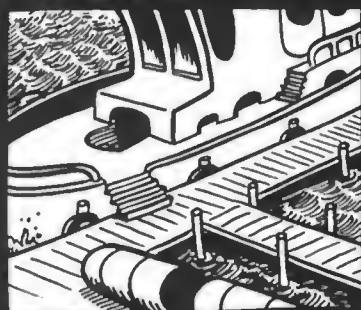
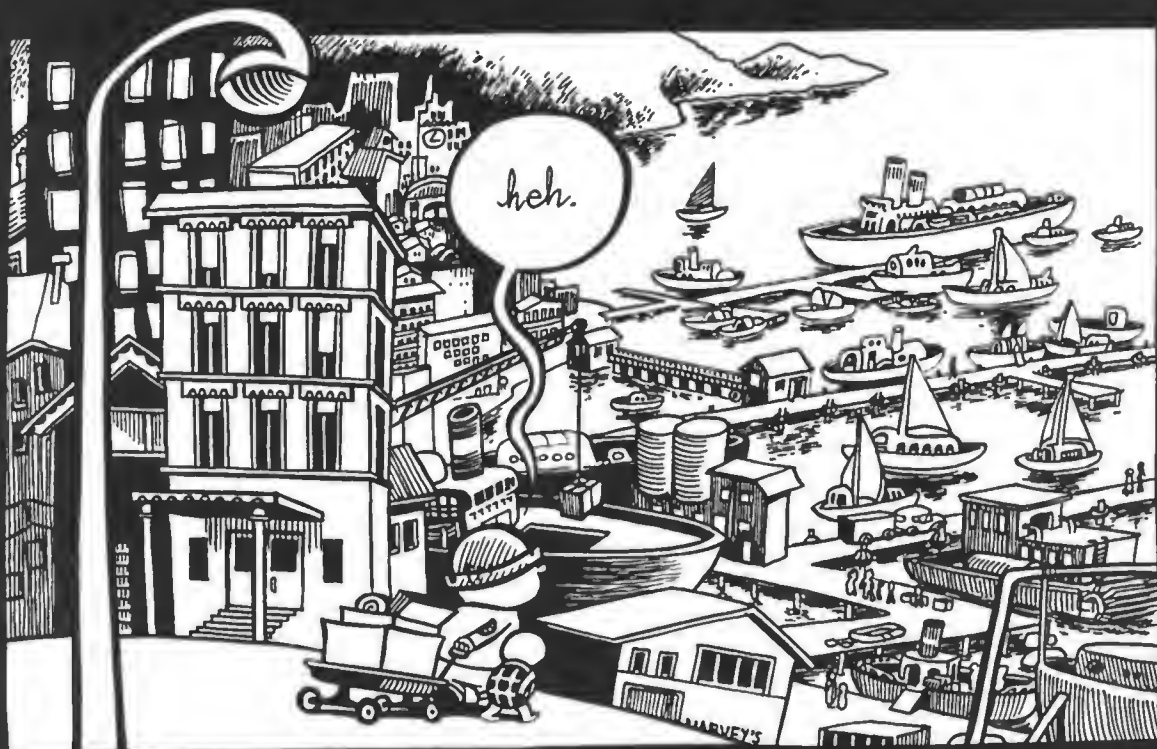
one-
one
thousand
...

two-
one
thousand
...



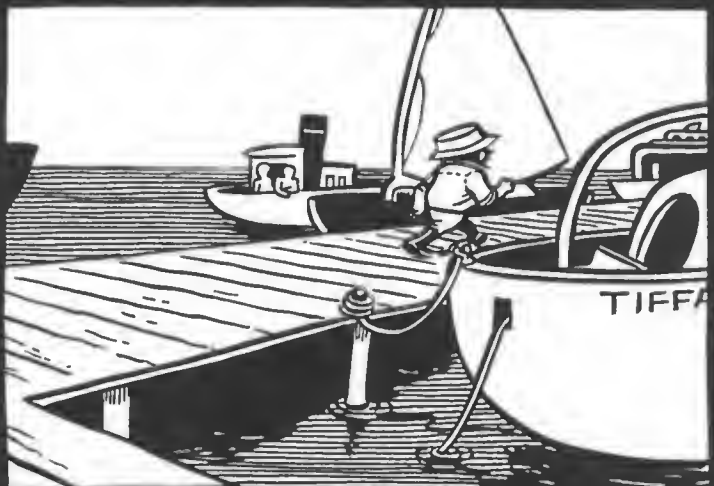
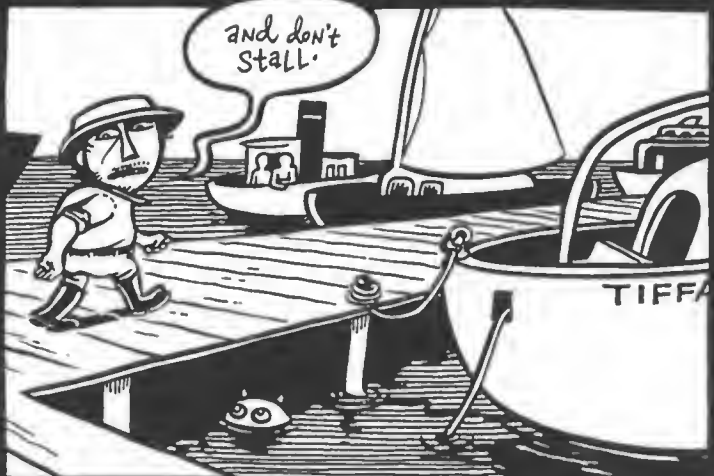
Five-
one
thousand
...



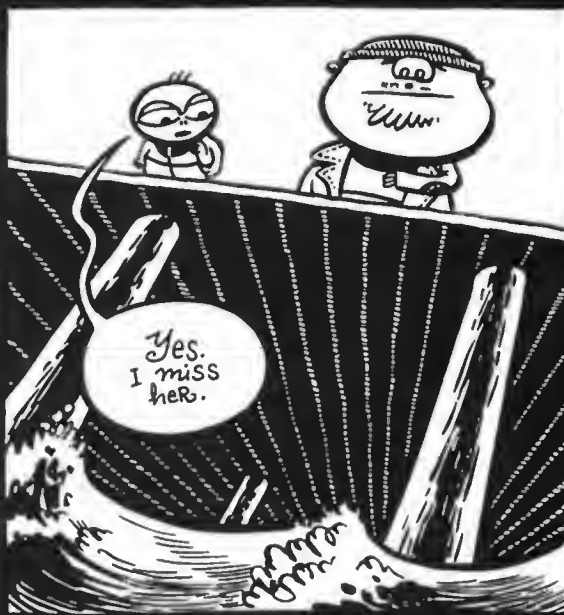


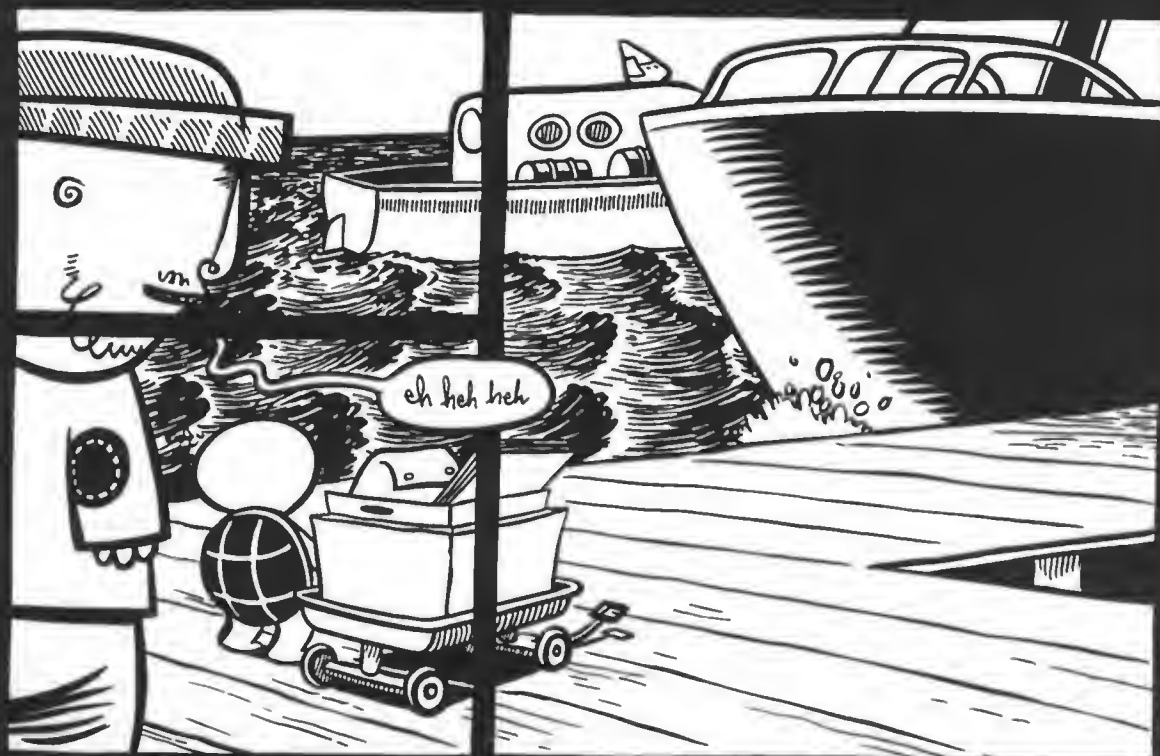














Time it be
for parting,
lad.

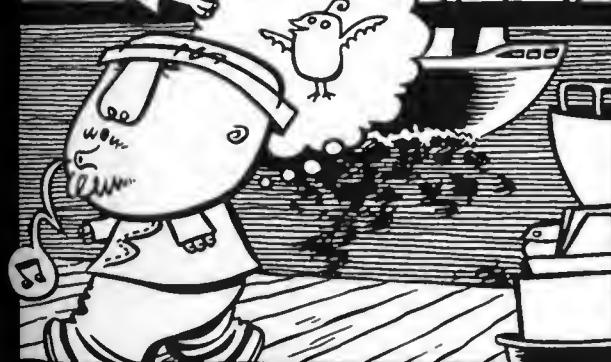
to be steppin'
oh-so-lightly
Round the Matter
'o' "stalling?"



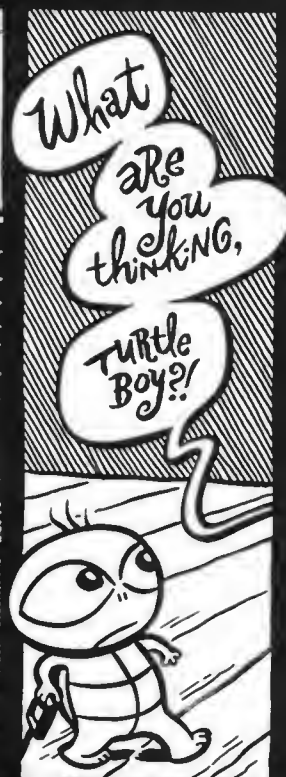
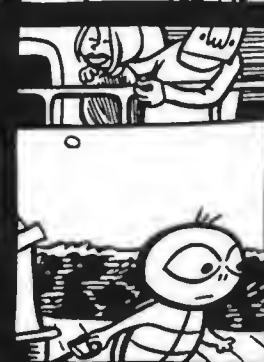
Might a truck-
load of Luck
Go with your
youth, and
Godspeed, Boy.



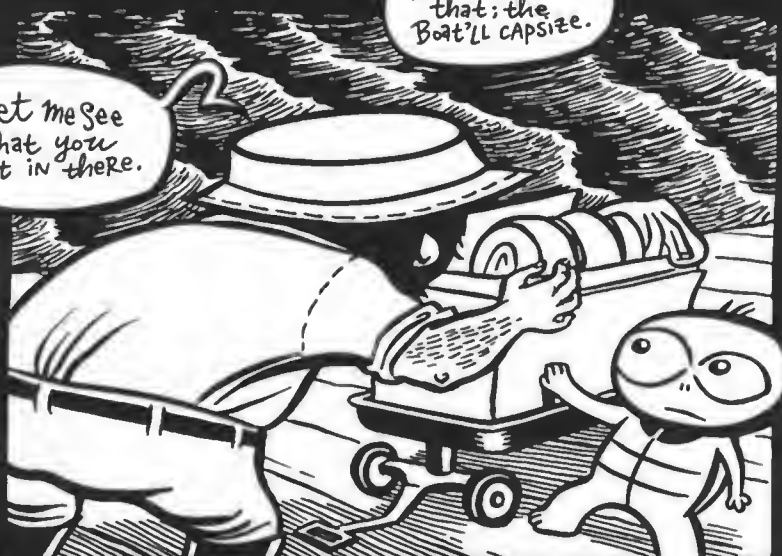
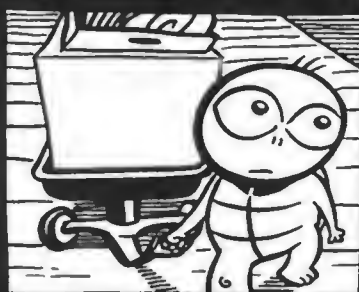
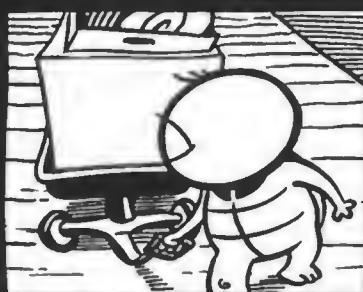
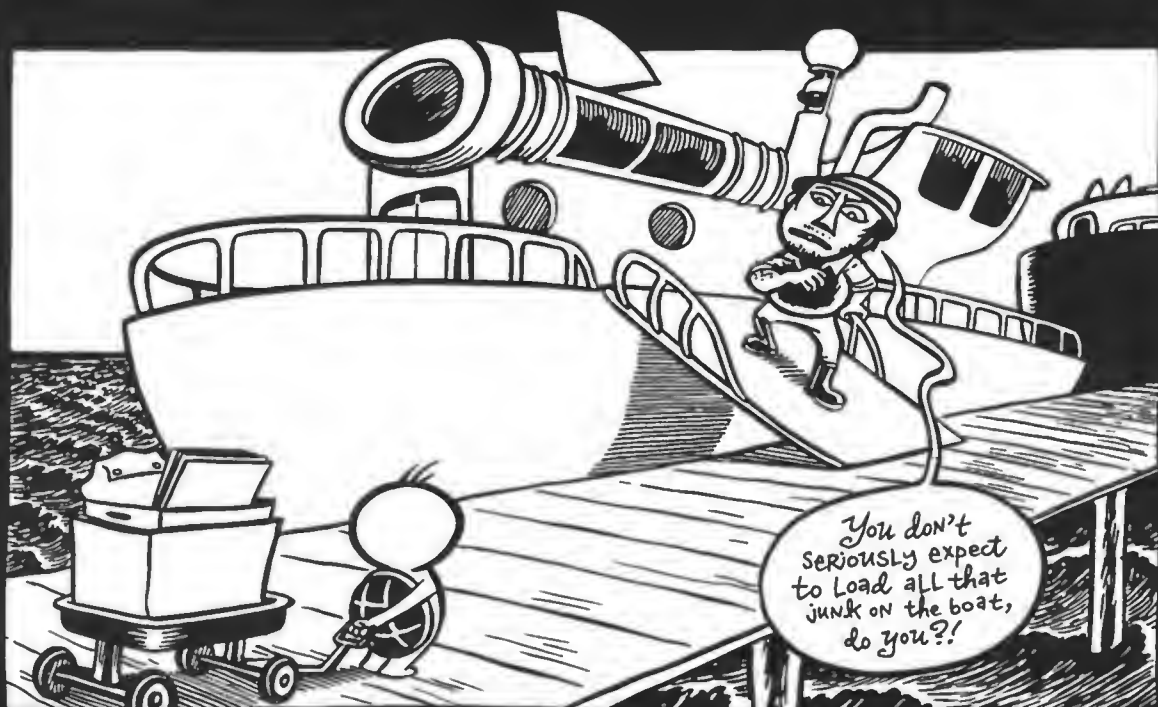
Godspeed.

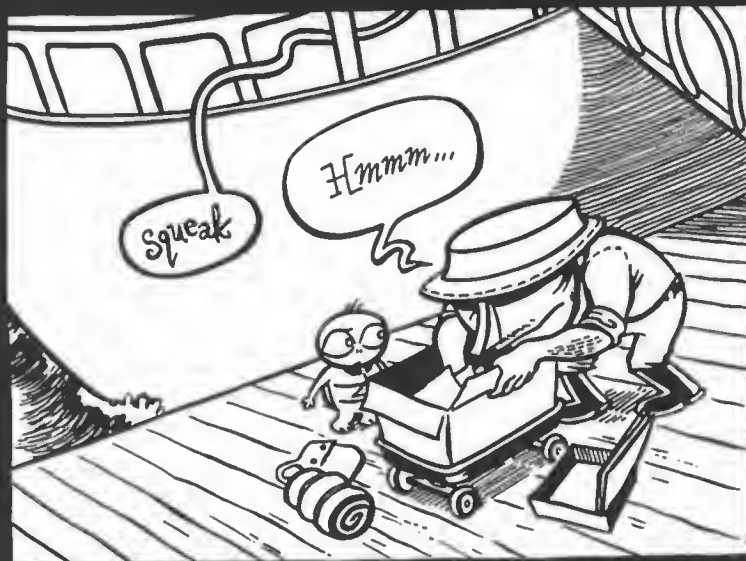


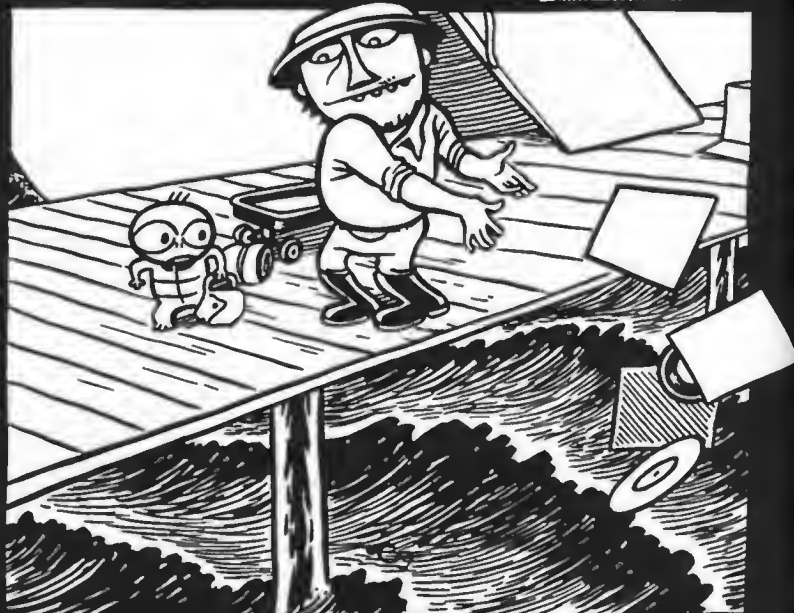
thank
you.

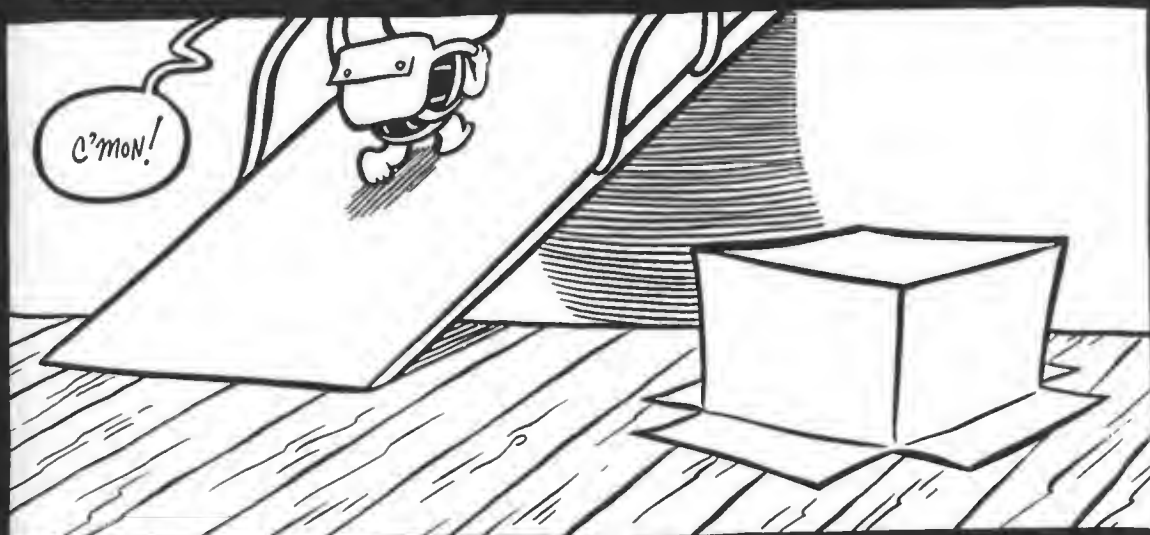


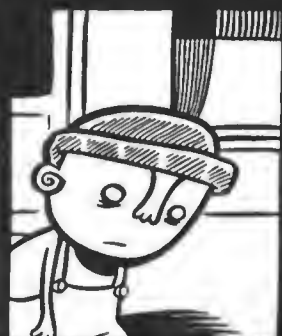
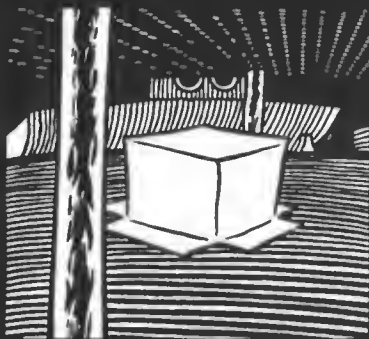
What
are
you
thinking,
Turtle
Boy?!

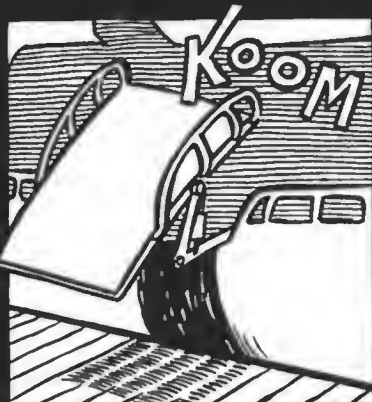


















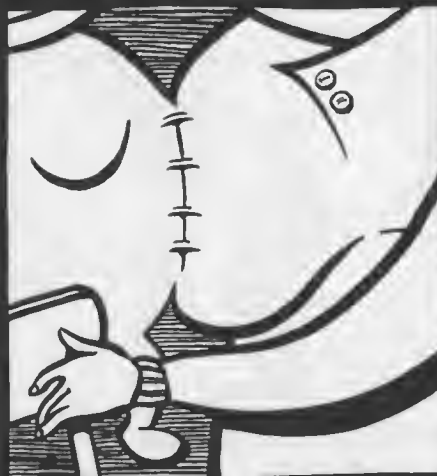


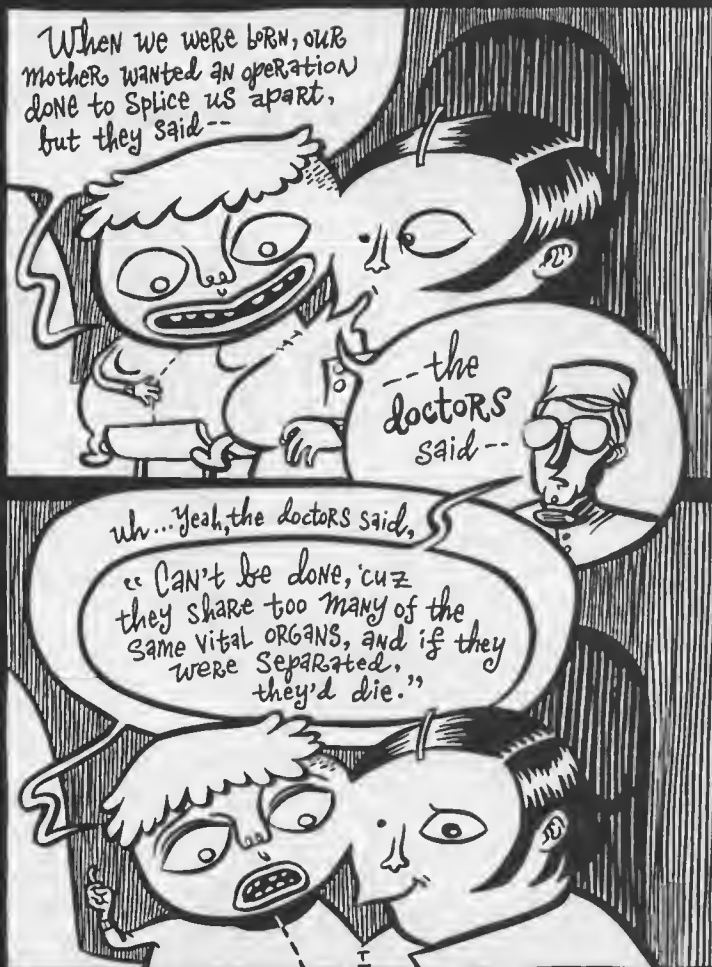
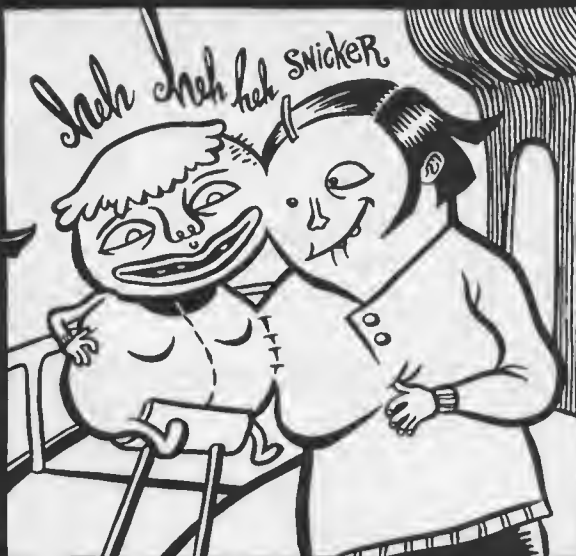
THE

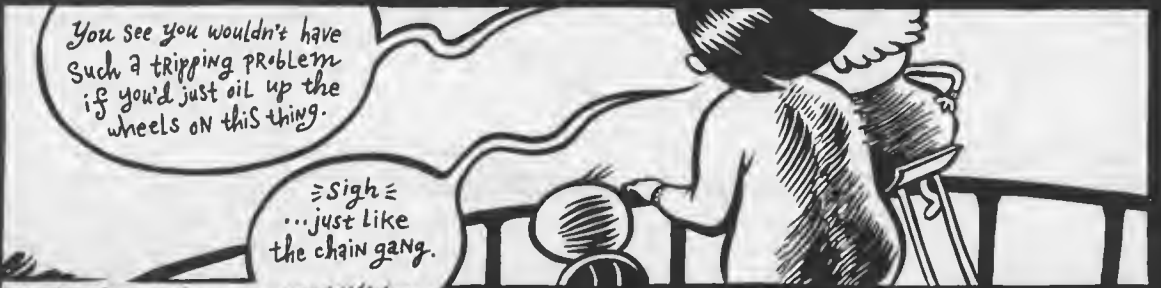




... and Strange.







I mean, I've had my share of motley crews, but a mute turtle kid & two sisters sharing the same torso sure takes the cake.



Not that I'm complaining or anything. If people'll keep paying, I'll keep sailing these blessed seas.



Hell, I'd keep sailing even without the money. You know that, El?



No, I'm serious. That's what I'm all about. You do know that, don't you?



of course.



Glenda knew that.



So you're a TURTLE,
CHUNKY?--Let me fill
you in on a little custom
celebrated where we come
from--BEULAH LAH.

Cut it out,
Ruth. You'll just
creep him out.

I'm Educating
him!

So ANYWAY, in BEULAH LAH,
when someone feels REGRET; for RUNNING
over the NEIGHBOR'S PET FROG, or ACCIDENTLY CON-
taminating the city's WATER SUPPLY, or getting in some
HEAVEN-KNOWS-WHAT-ABOUT SPAT with a LOVED ONE,

They'll etch their
NAME in a
TURTLE SHELL

and let it drift
away in BEULAH LAH
River.





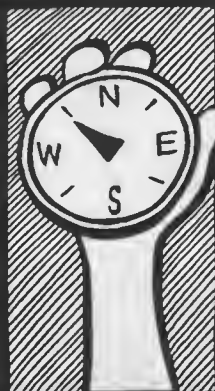
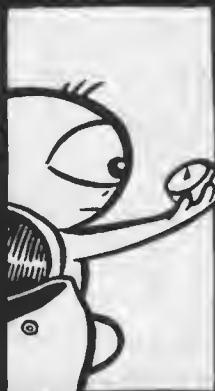


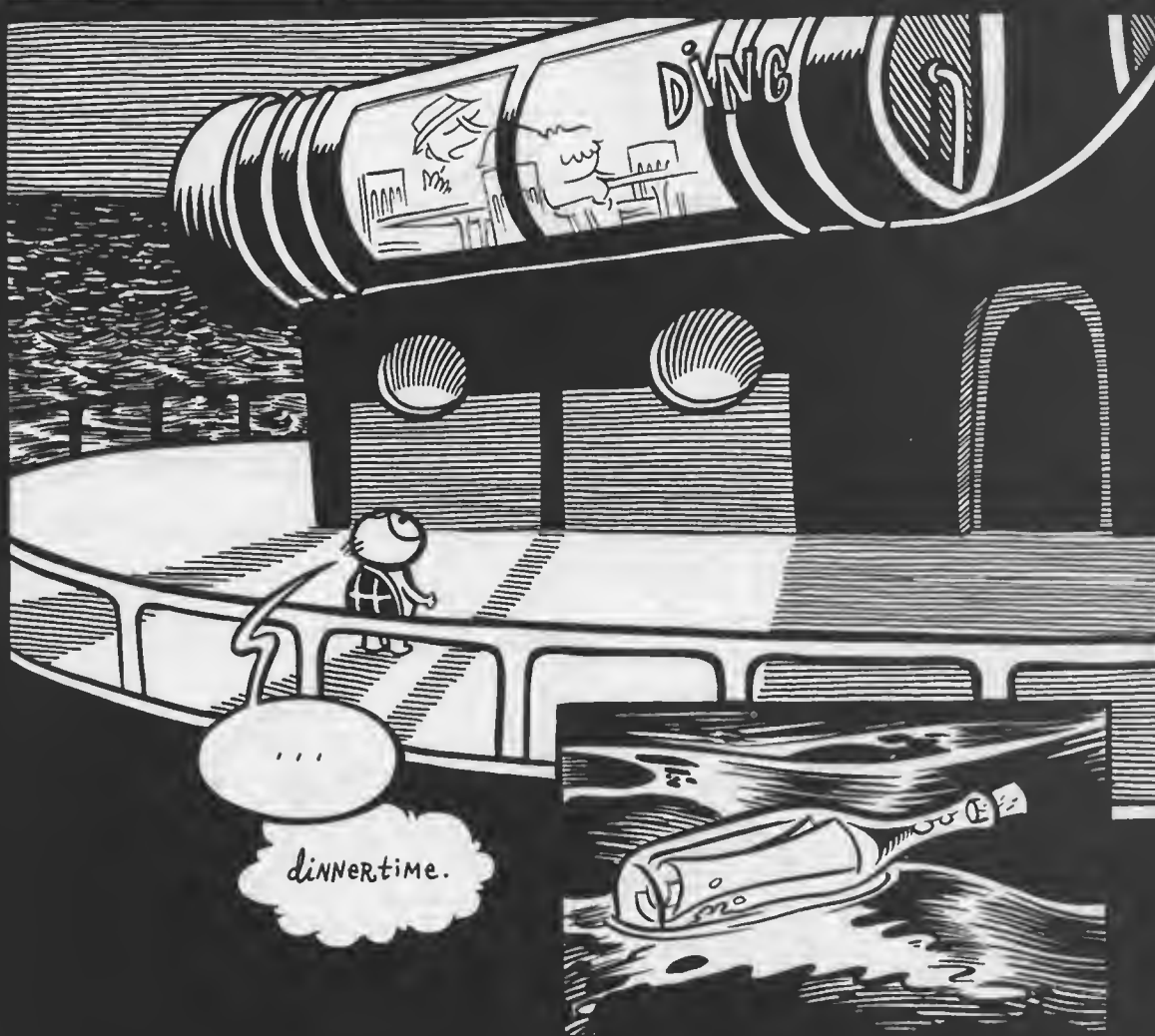


A Letter in a Bottle for you. A SINGLE sheet of paper drenched in waxy depths of crayon.



each & EVERY color,
but NO words.











Speaking of which,
I got some "WORK"
of my own I need to be
tending to Right Now.



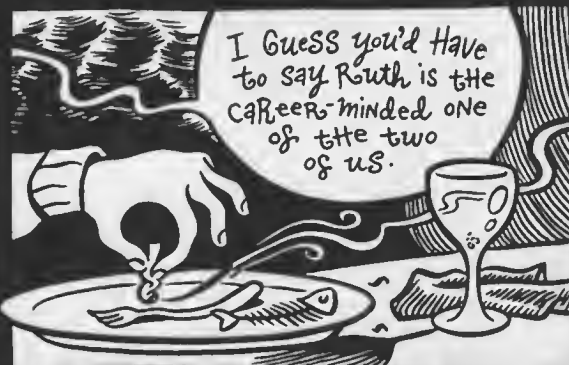
If my shipmates
will excuse me,
I'll see you all
tomorrow MORNIN',

Belch

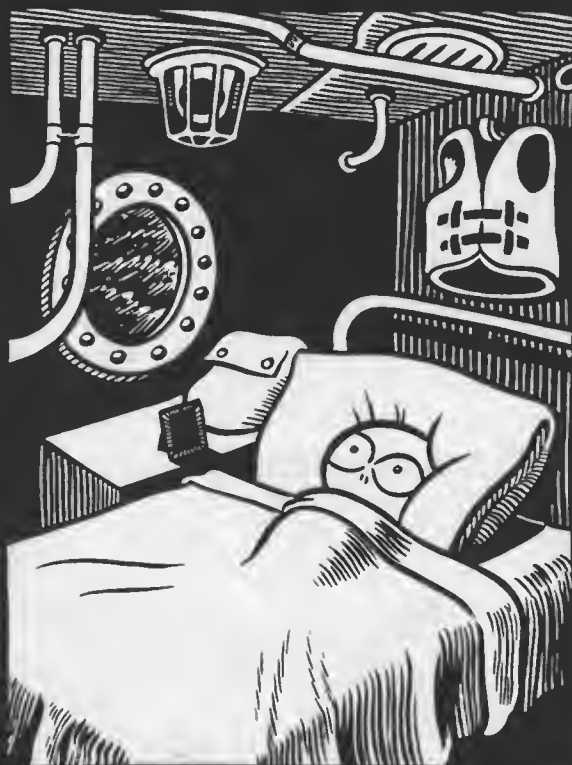


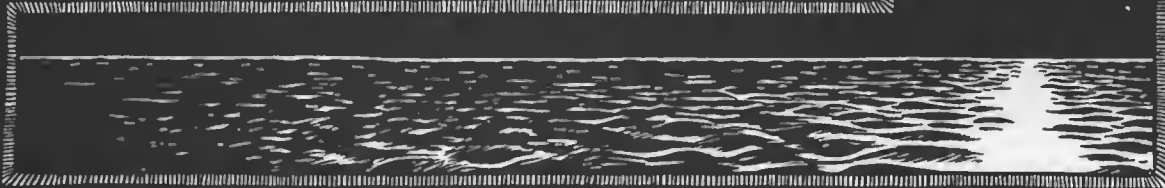
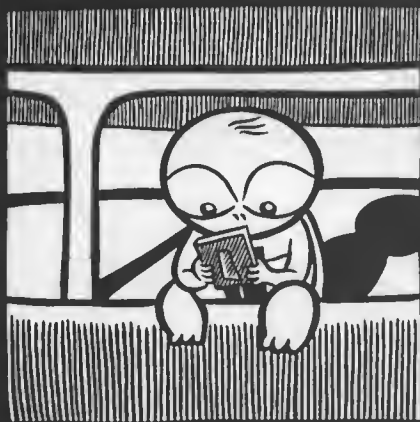


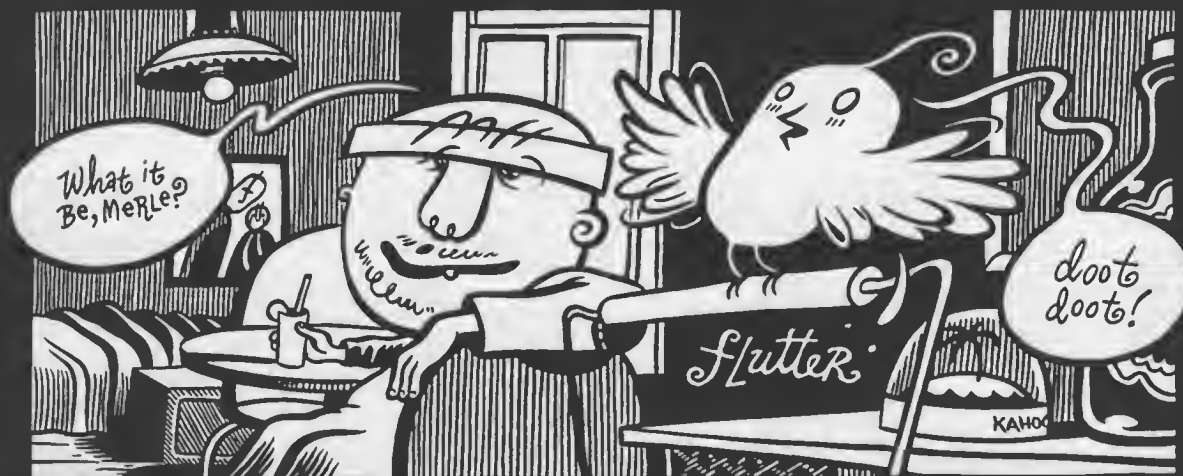






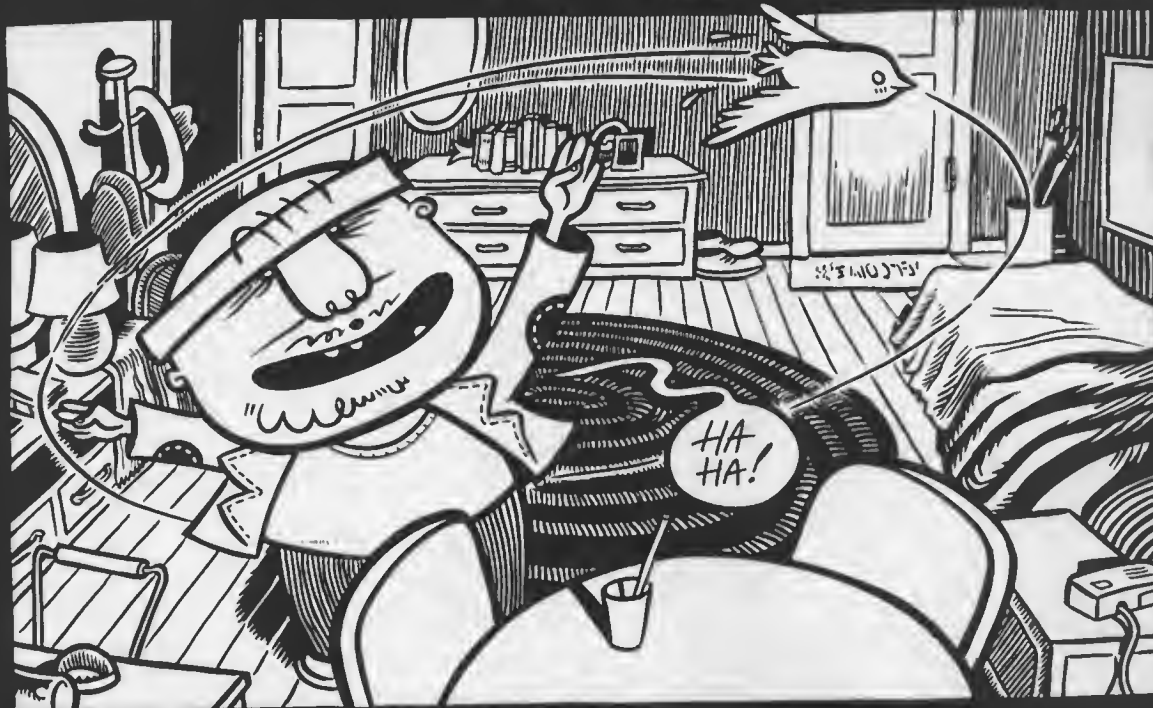


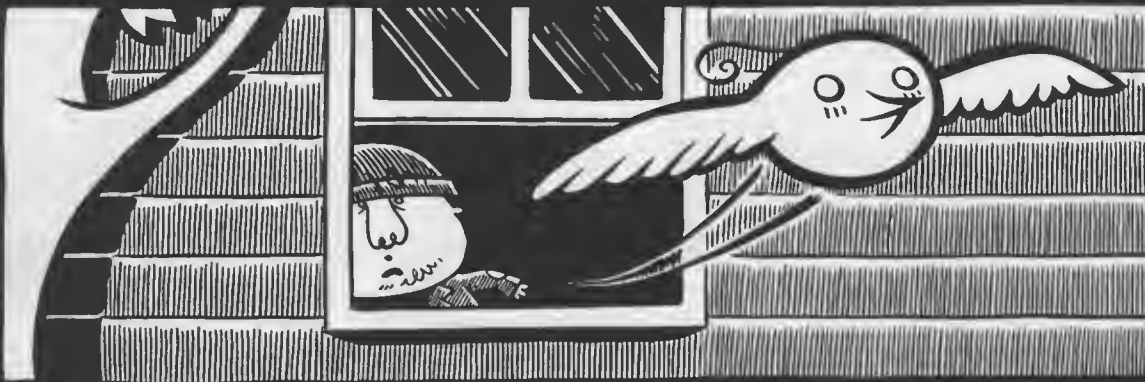


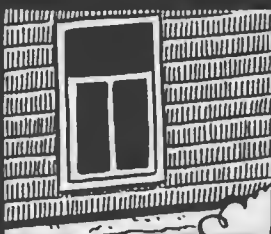
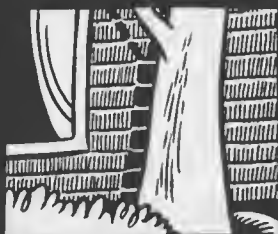
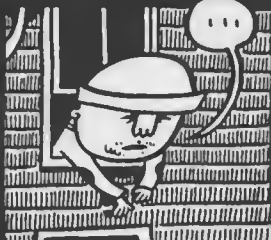
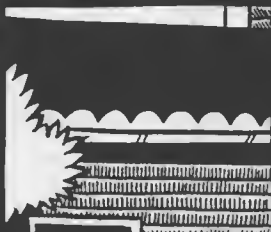


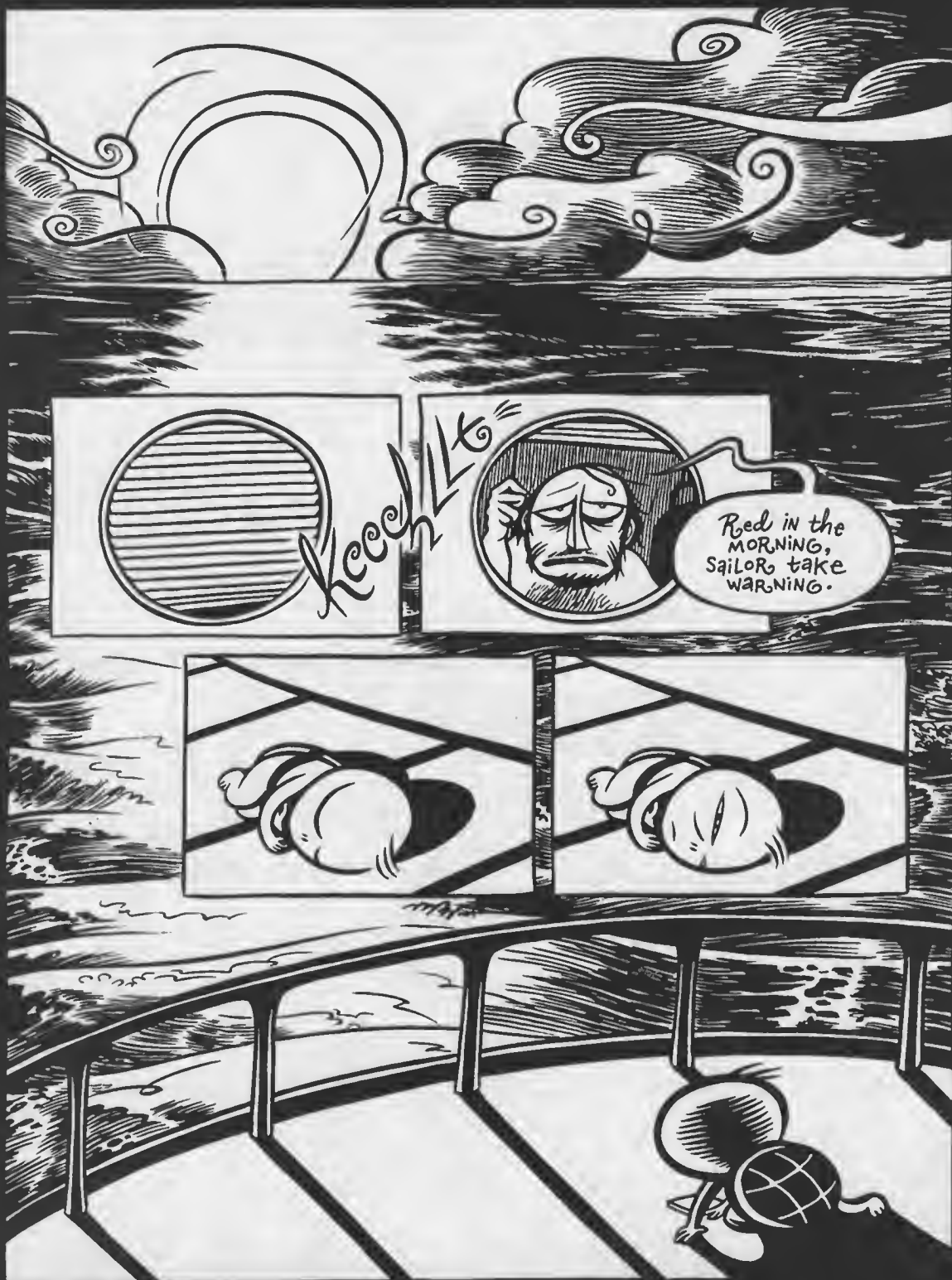


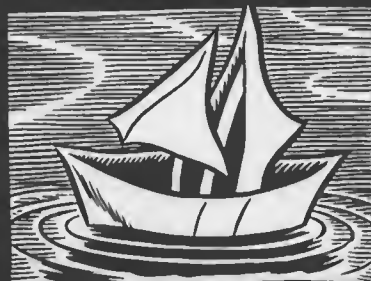
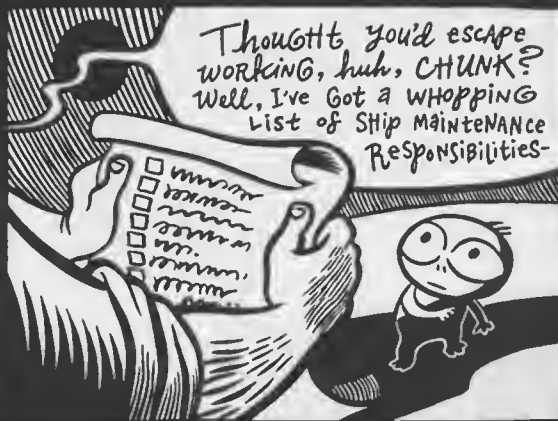
And Now
you Be
itchin' to
put them to
a TEST FLIGHT,
No Less--
Go ON!



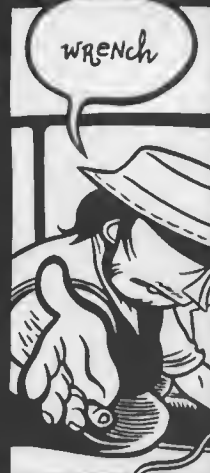
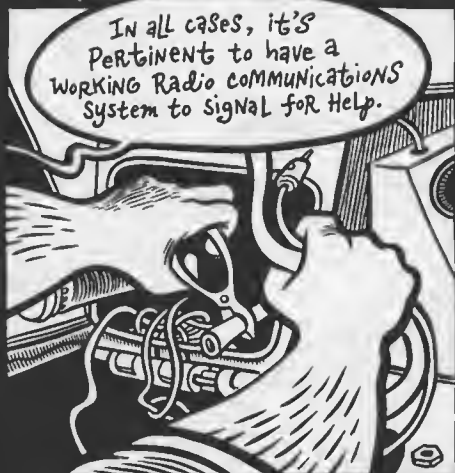


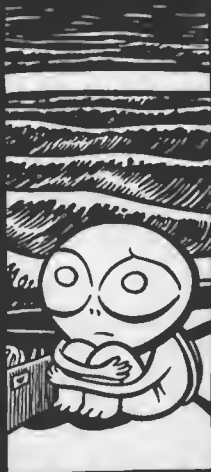






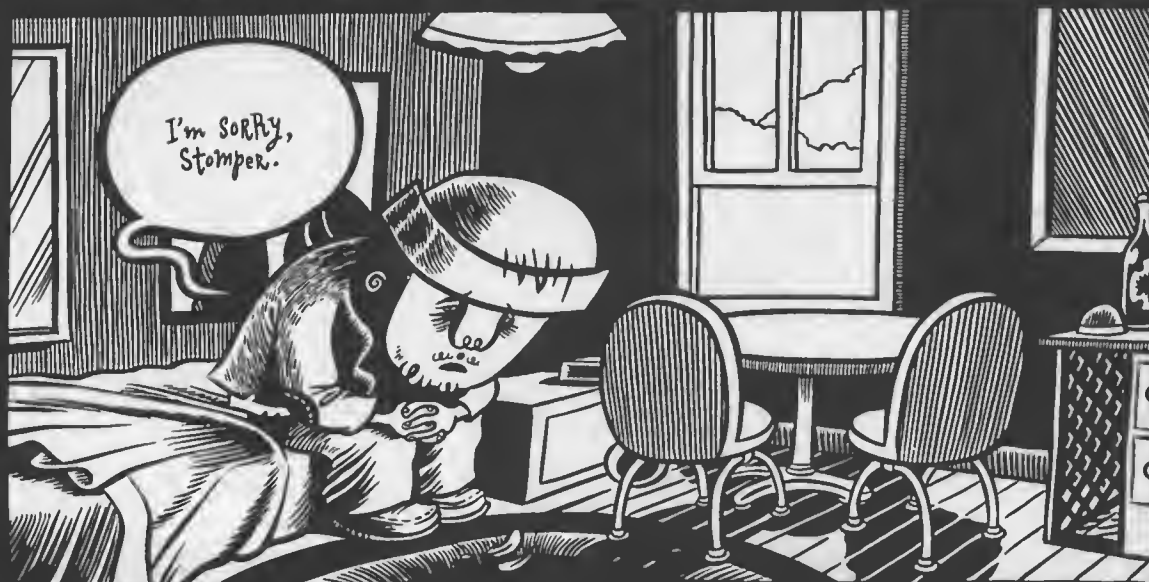




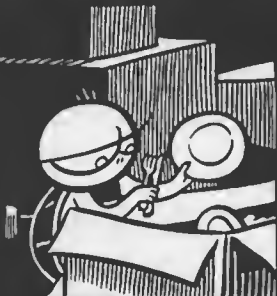
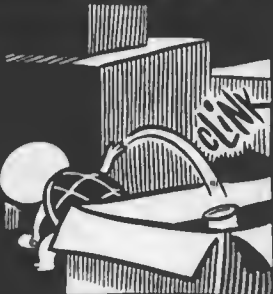
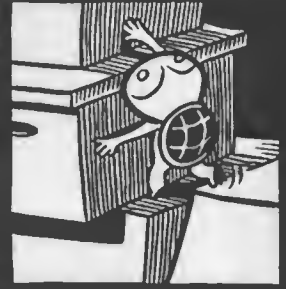




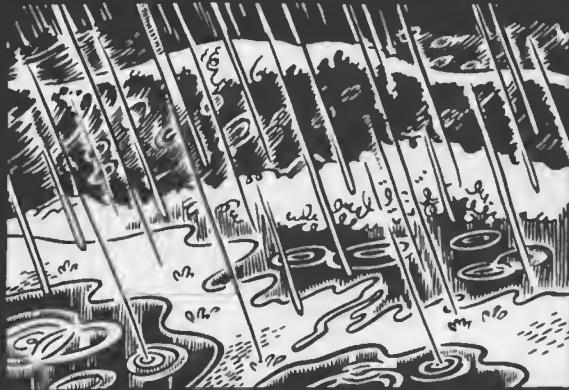
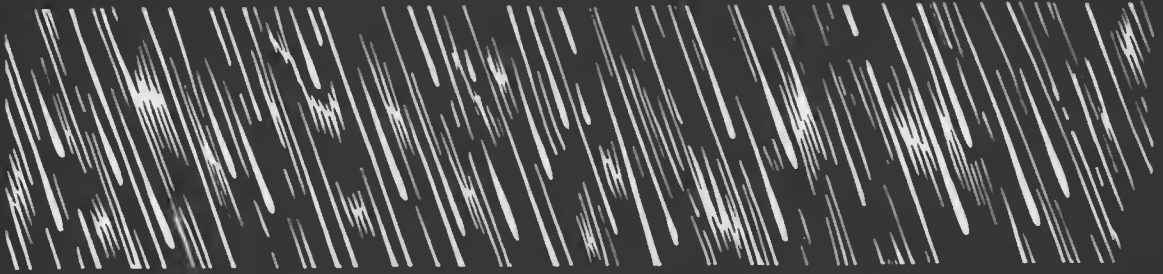




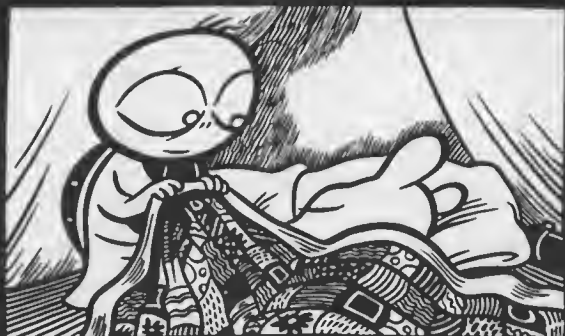
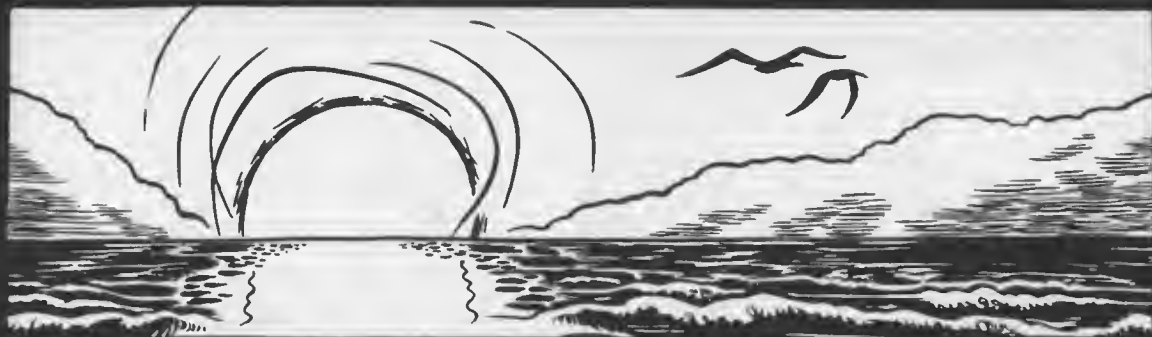


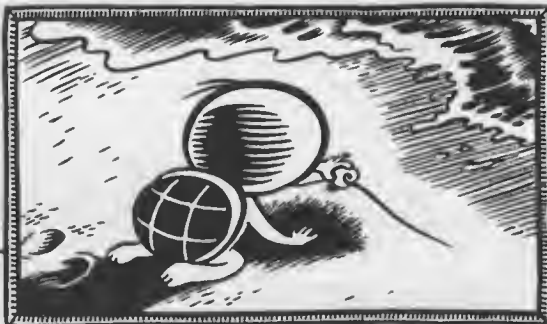


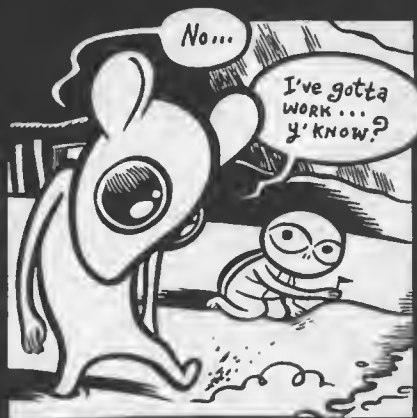




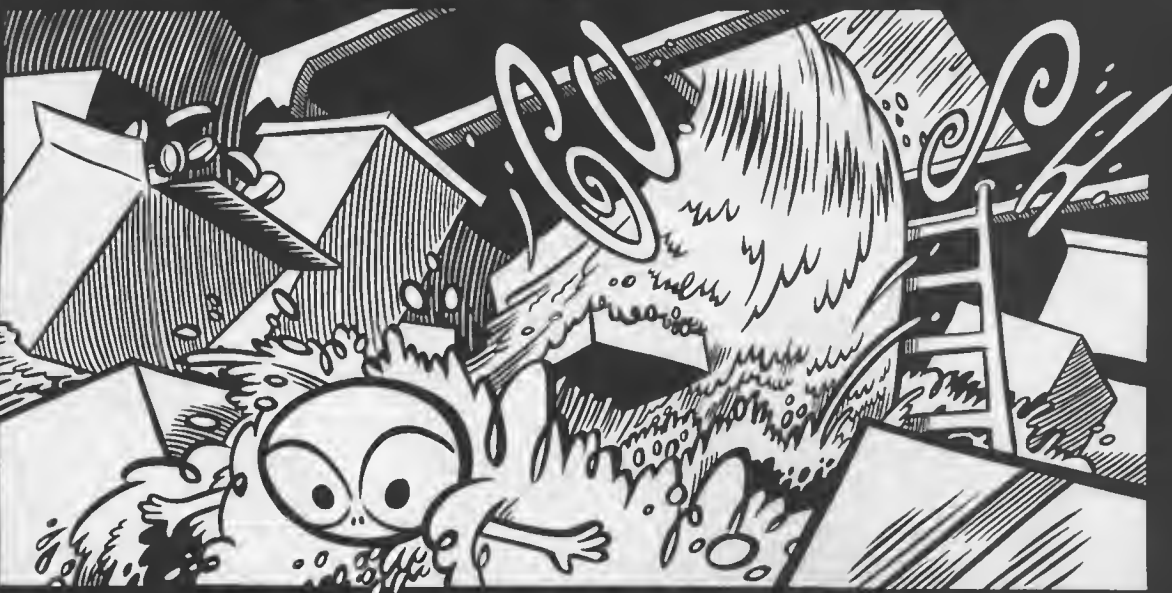


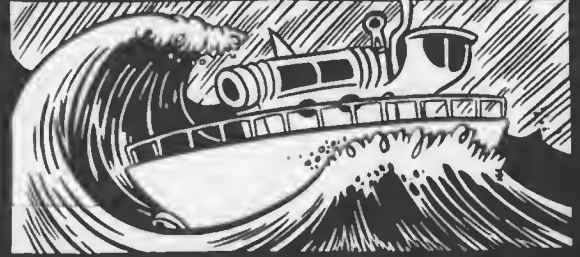
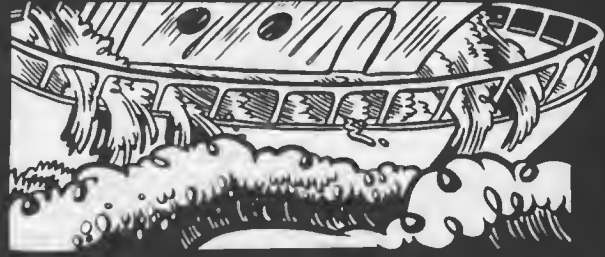




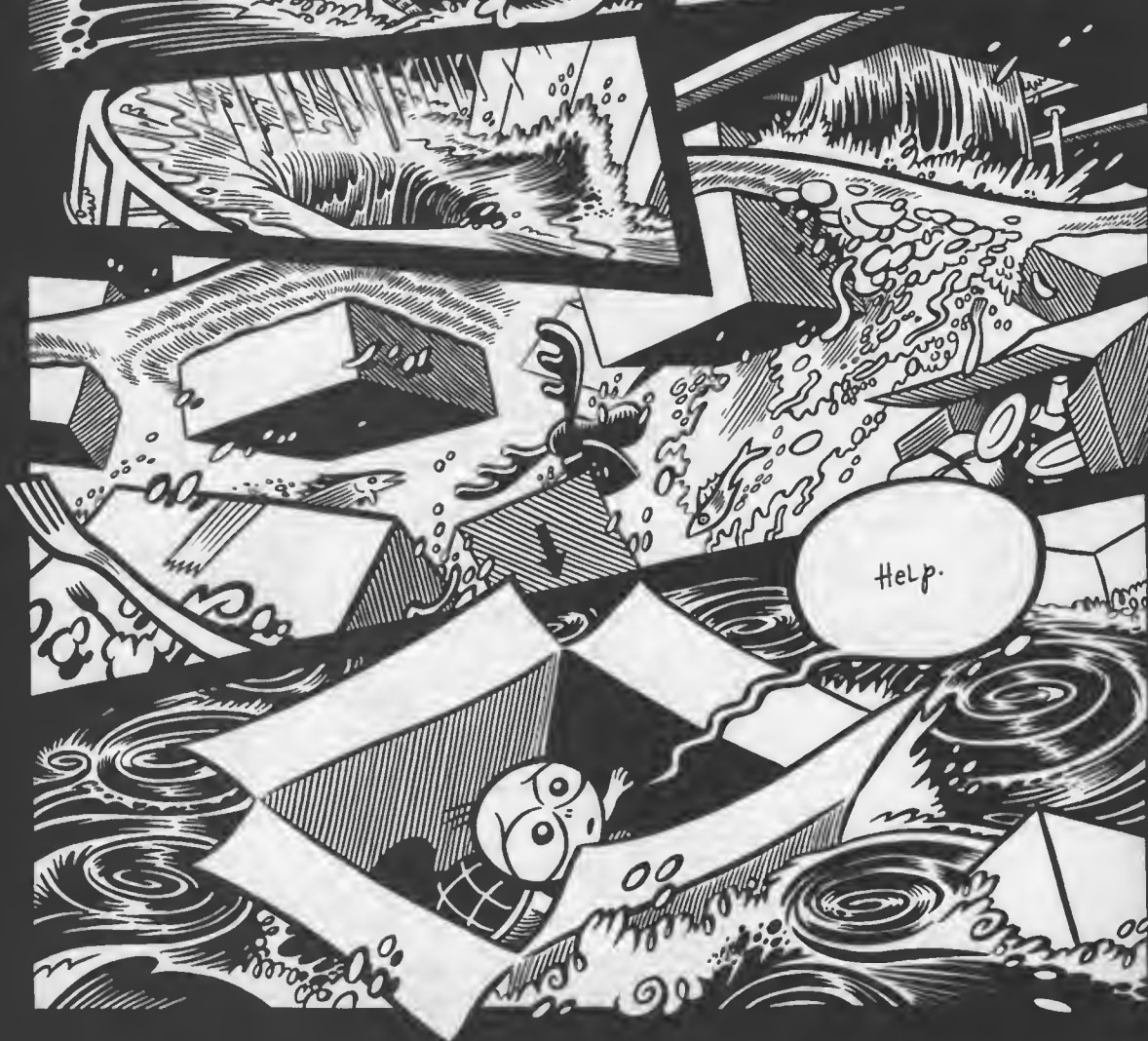














SomeBody
Find me.

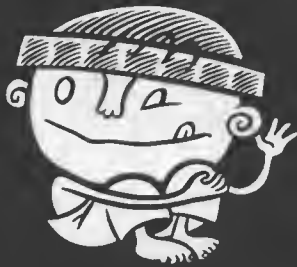


Find Me REAL SOON
otherwise I'll Have to WALK
HOME ALL BY MYSELF IN THE
DARK and Paw'll Give Me
A NASTY WHOOPIN'!!



I'm UNDER
the BOX!

UNDER
the DOCK!!



the BELT tonight, Paw;
Not the Splintery
2 by 4.



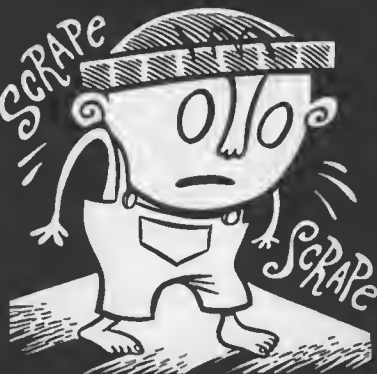
Scratch Scratch



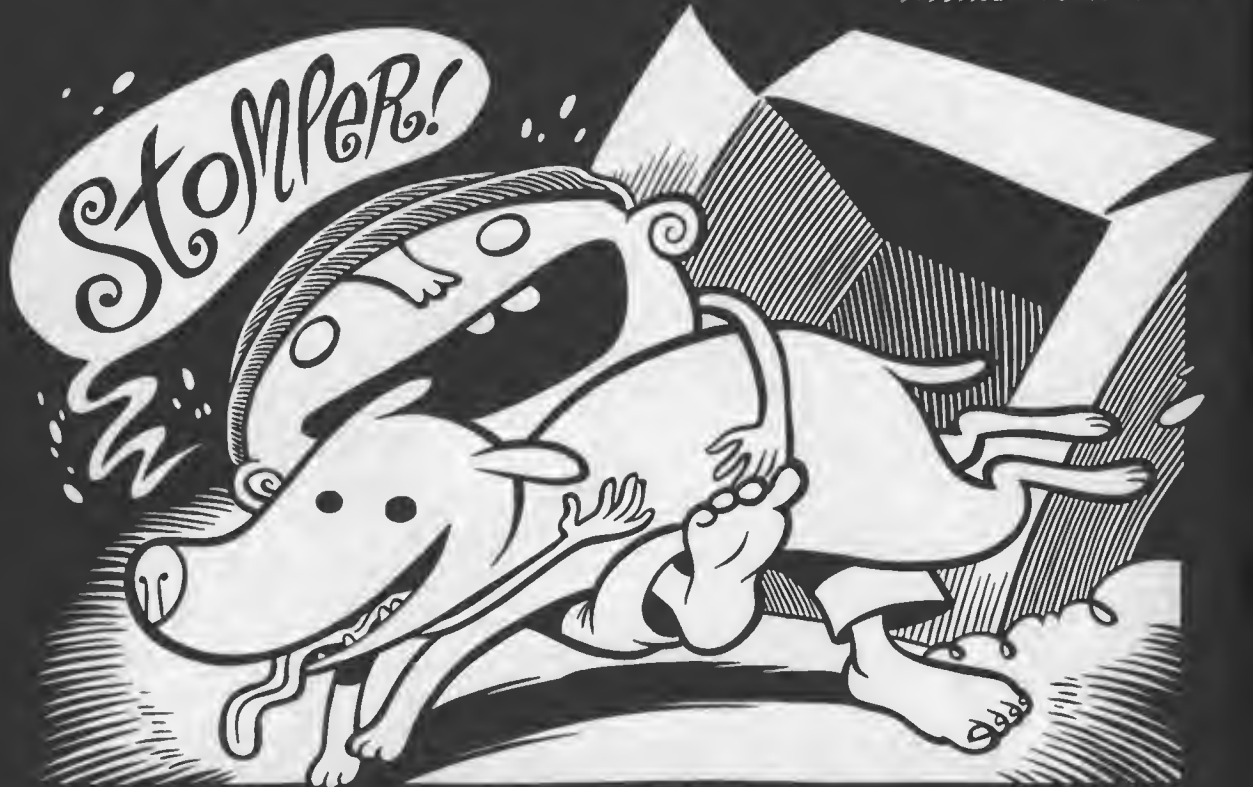
skritch



Scrape



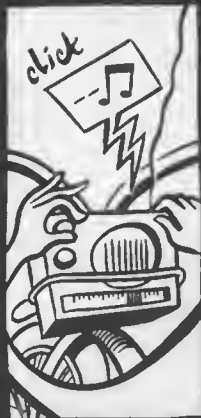
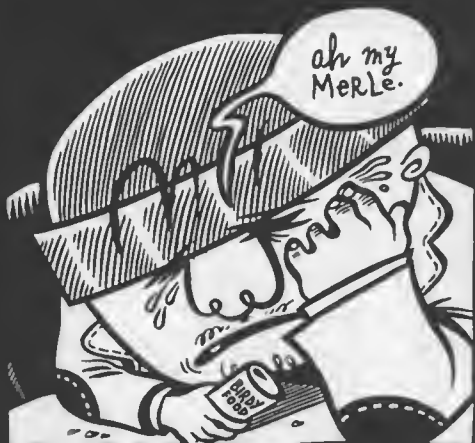
Stomper!

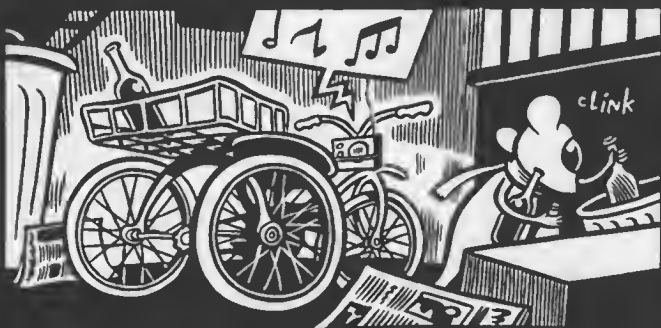
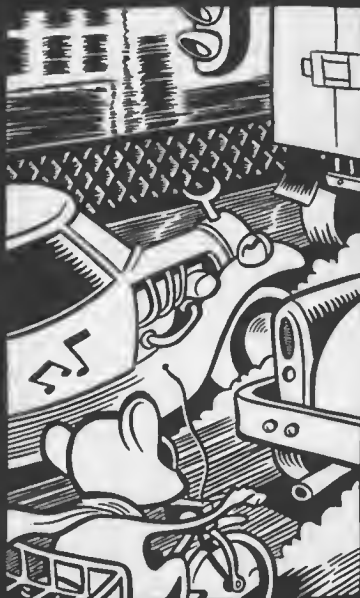


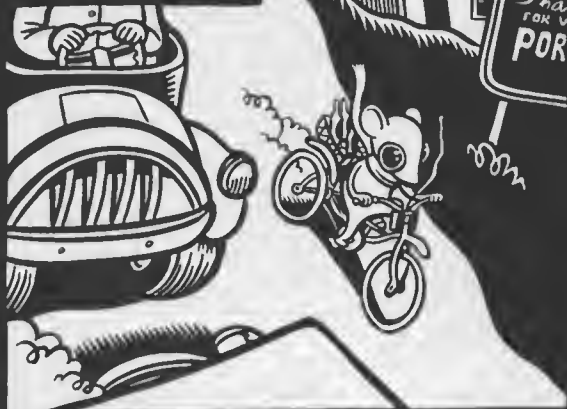
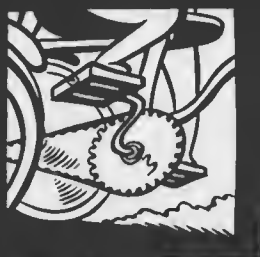
HA HA

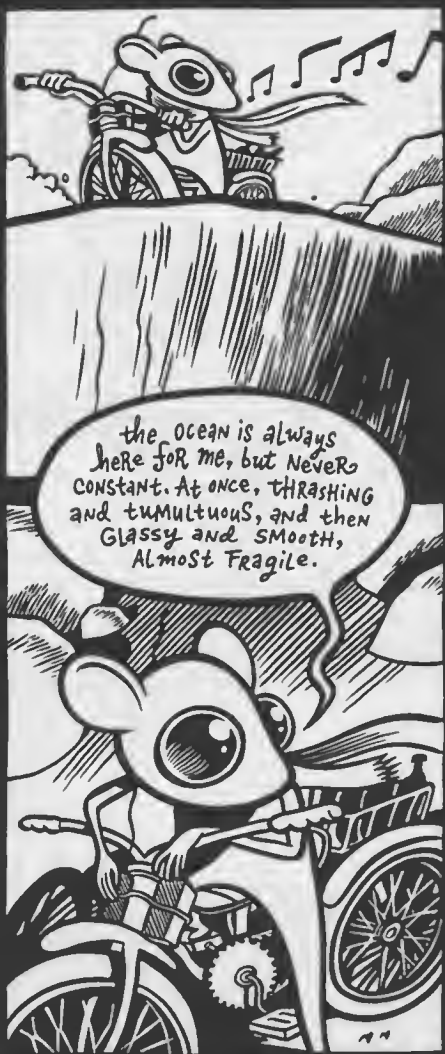


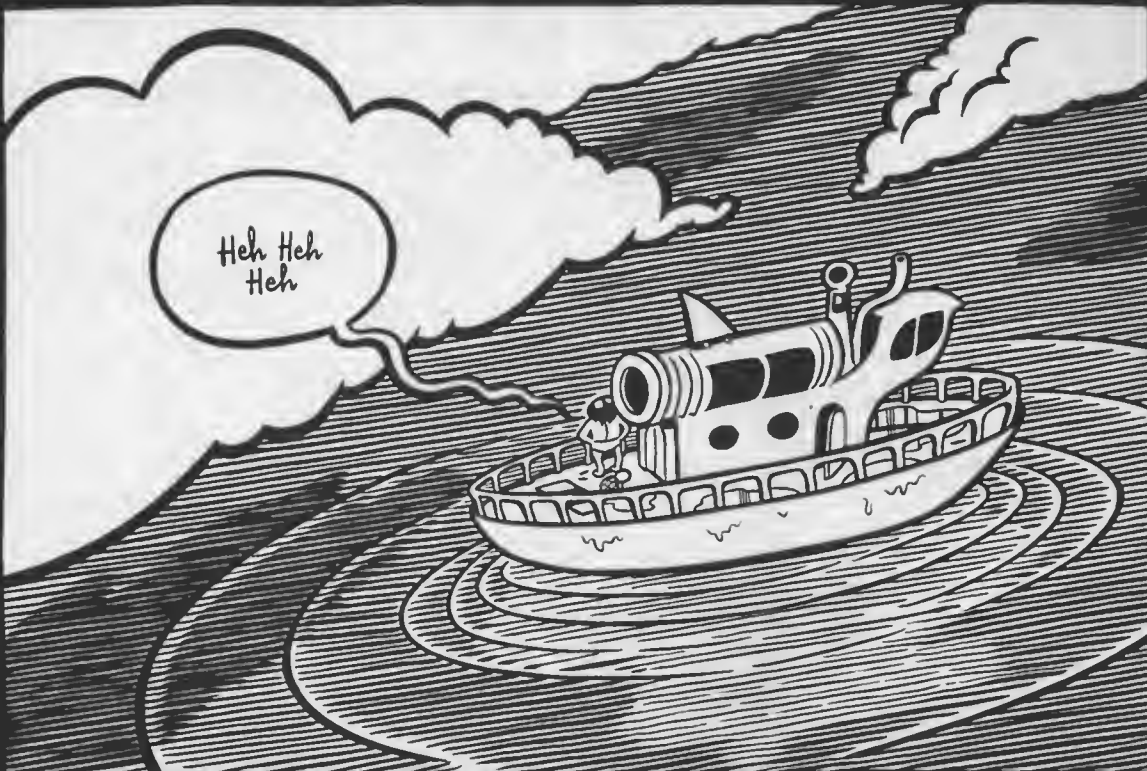
MerLe

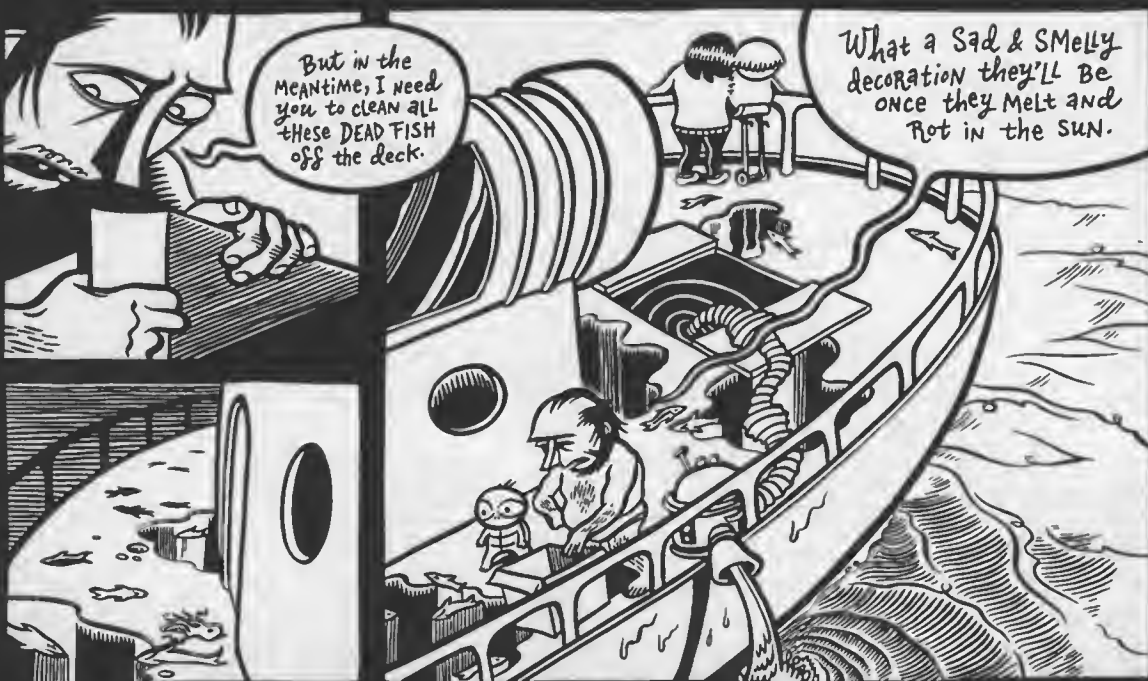




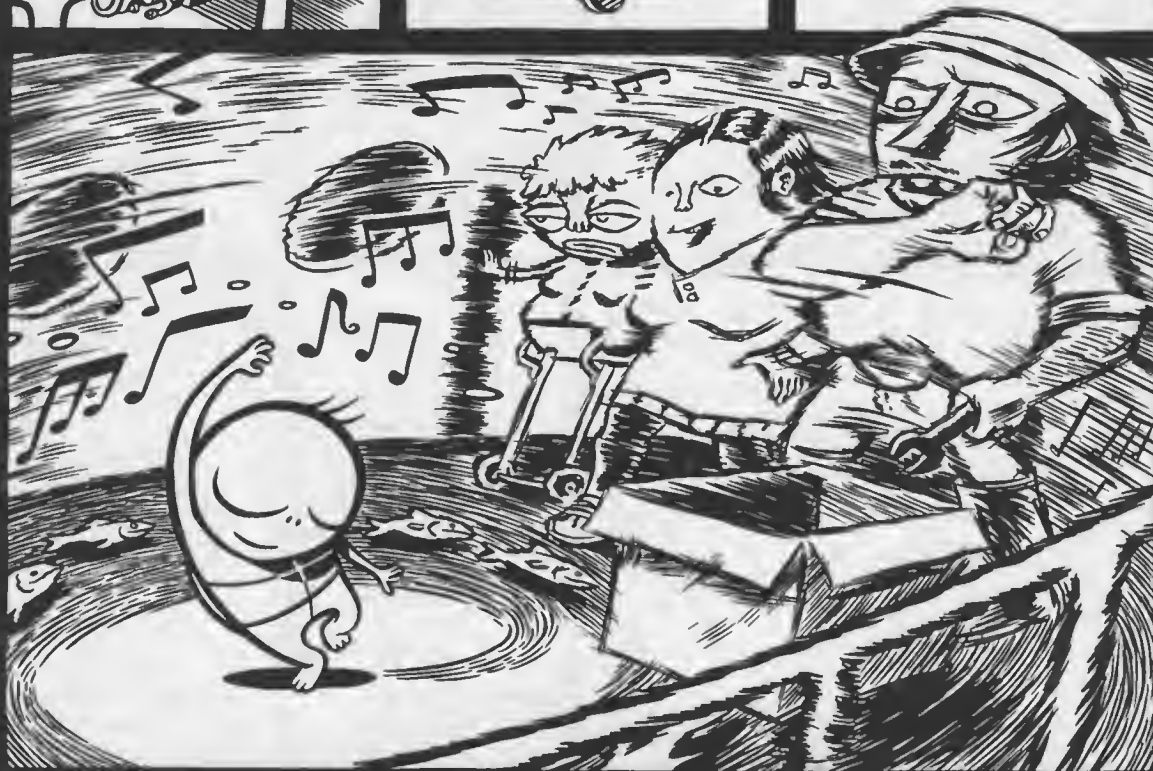


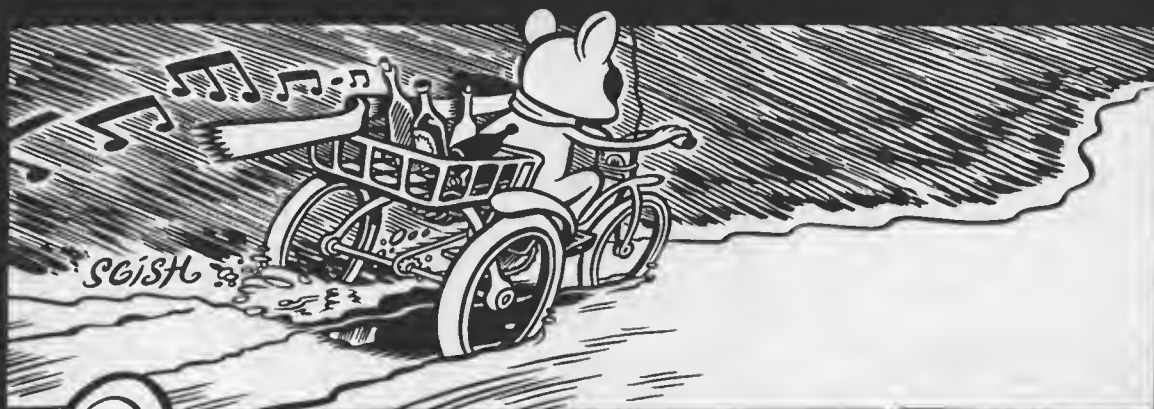




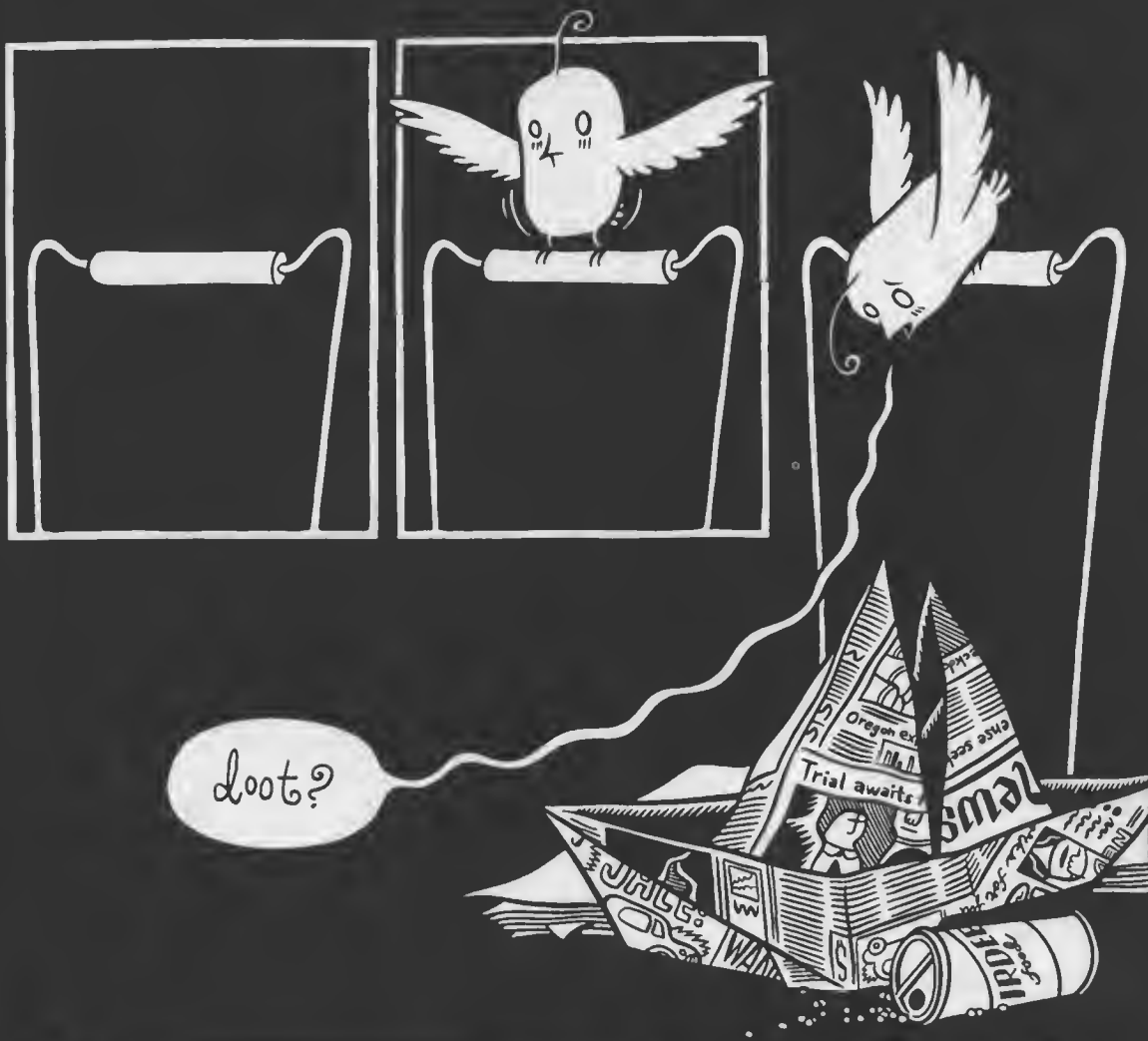




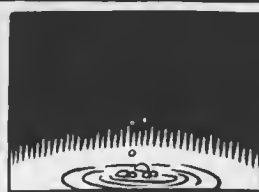
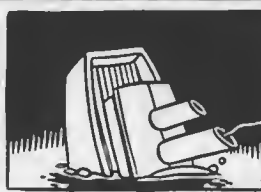
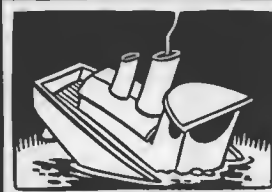














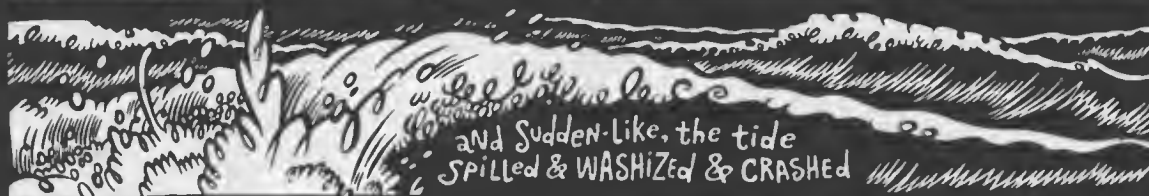
And Stomper Be RUNNING After,
And RAN and RAN...



... and then SWAM,



and Sudden-Like, the tide
SPILLED & WASHIZED & CRASHED



and BAM.



and
then,

There be No Stomper.



LAP LAP

Paw come along and he say,

It Be the Sea
that Stolen Heo.

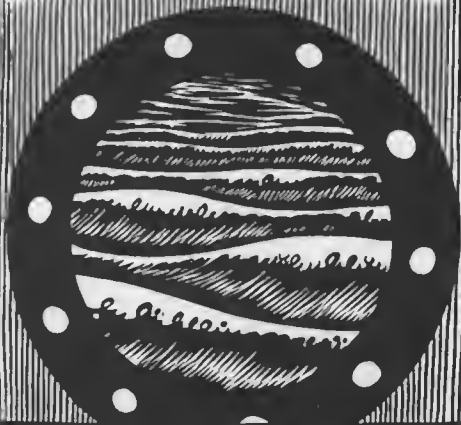
and Charles
up and BELIEVED
him even.



But I knew it weren't the waves
what snuffed stomper,



It Be Her Fractured Heart.

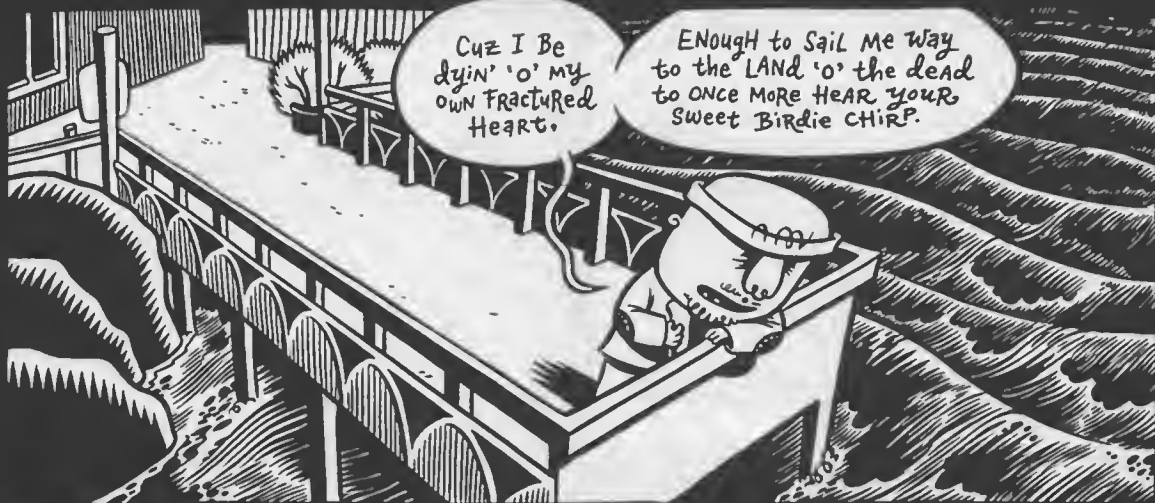


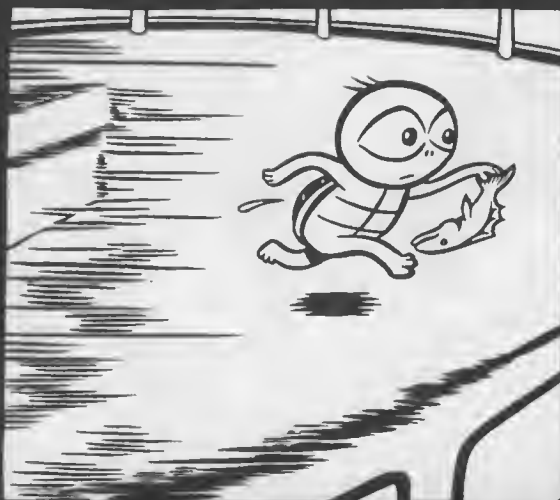
Was my befriendedness
inadequate, Merle?

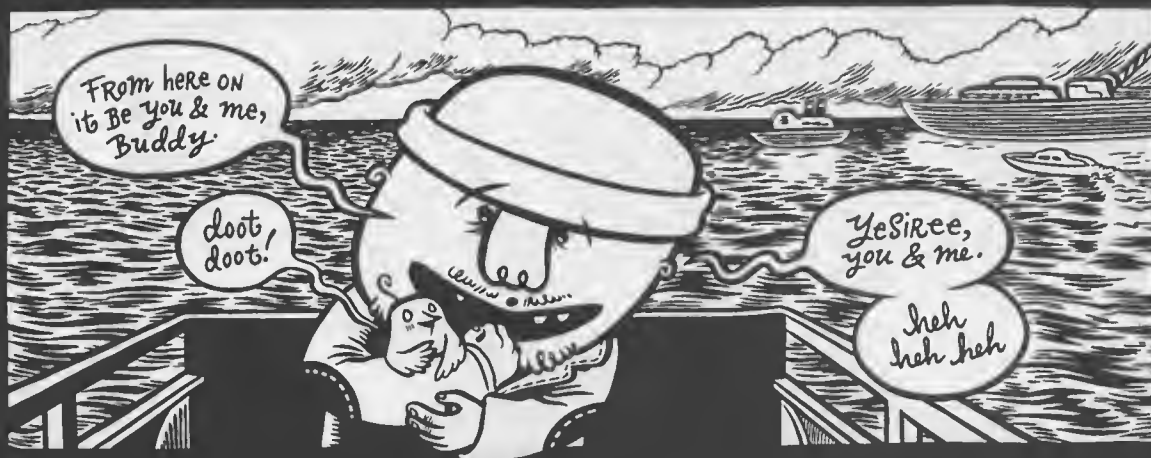


Could we AGAIN-Like
Find space to up
and be PALS?

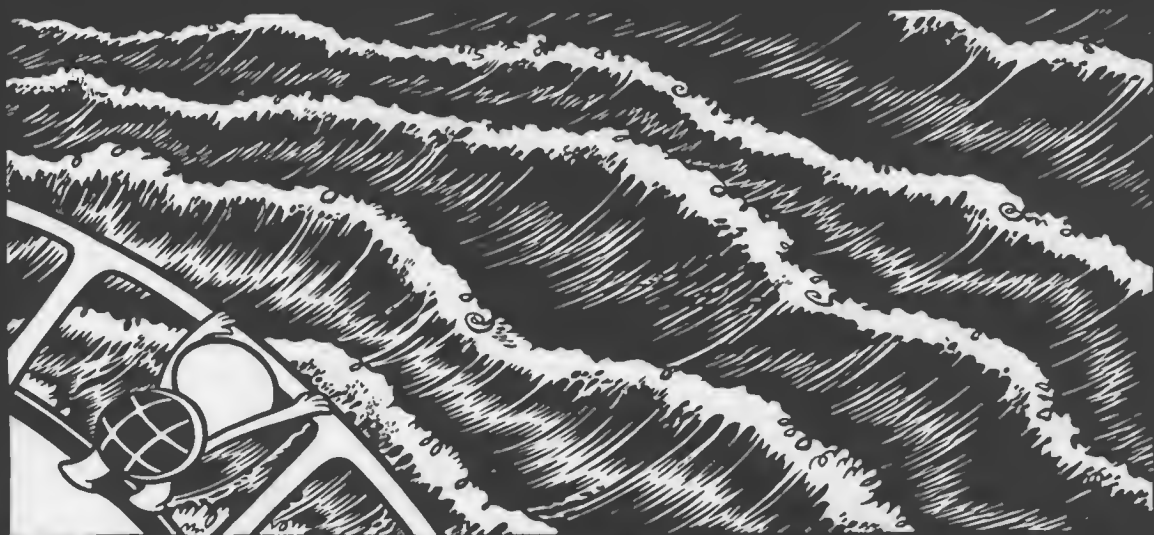








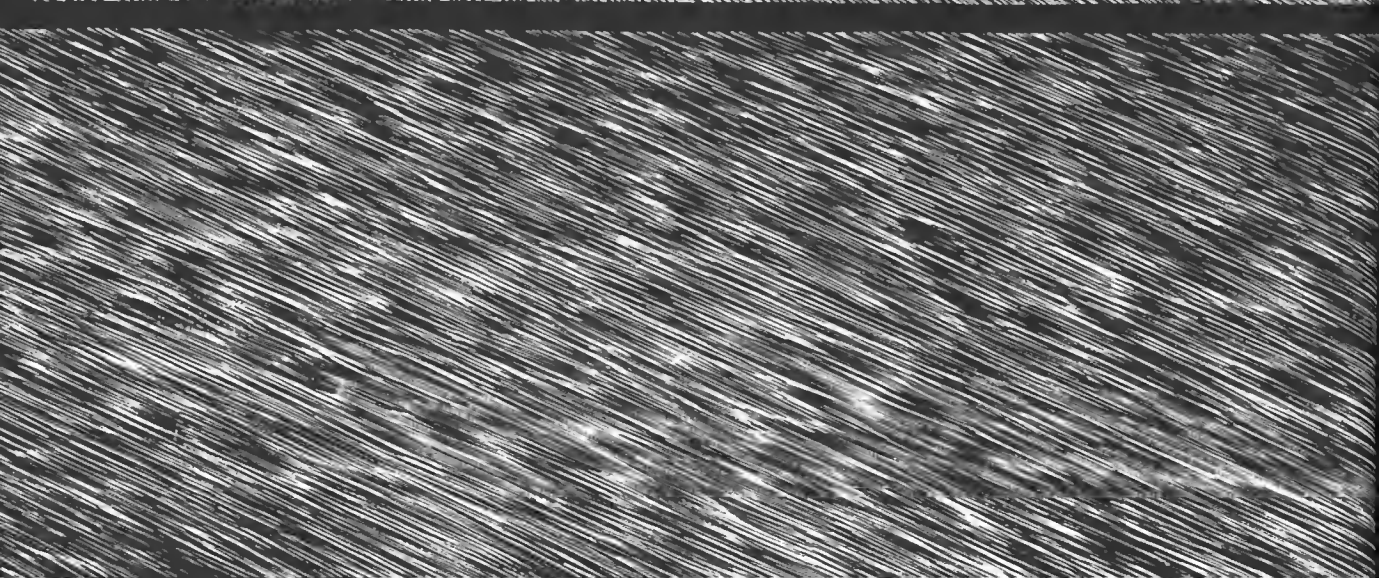
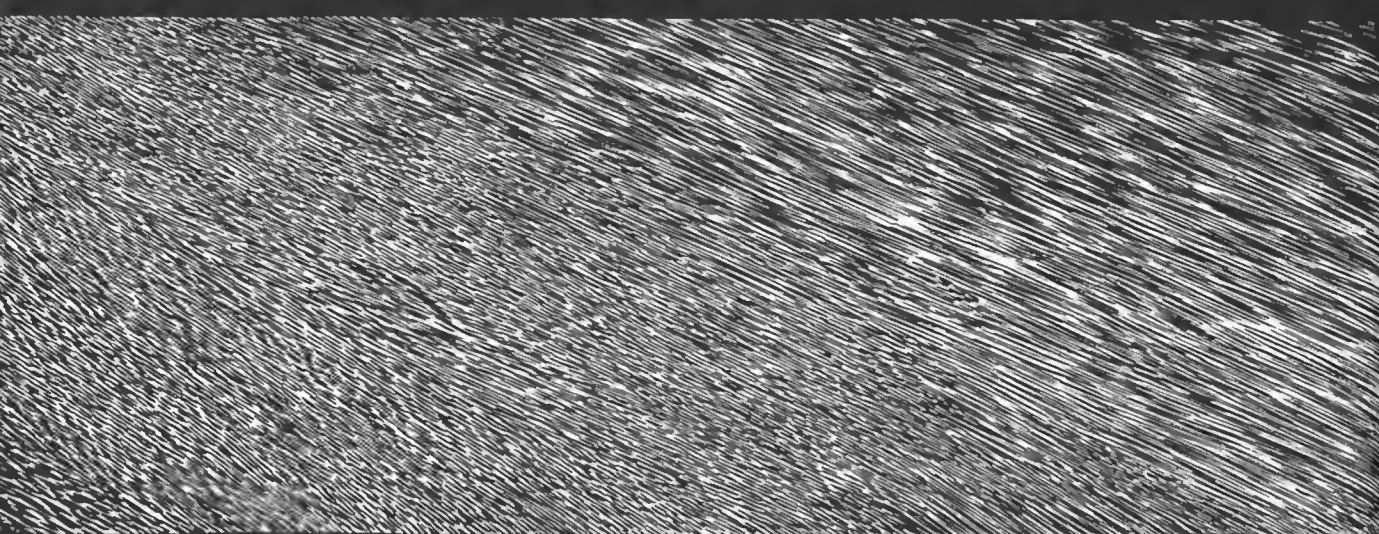


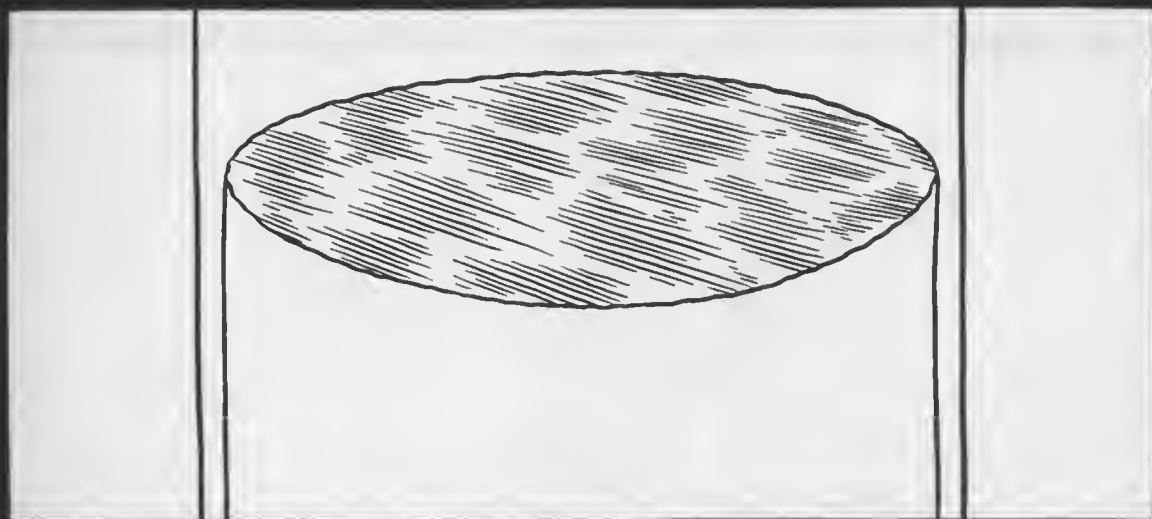
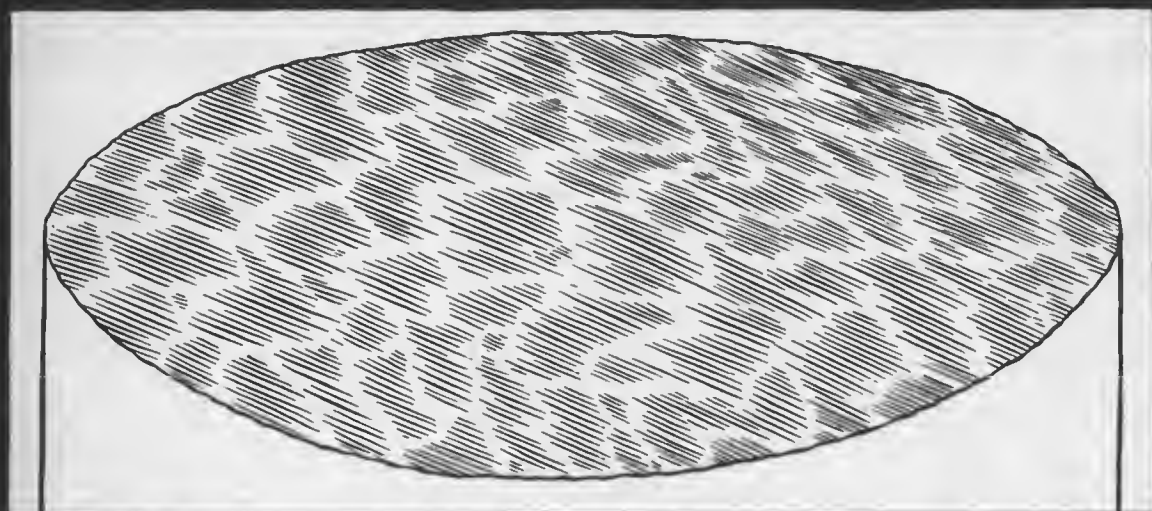
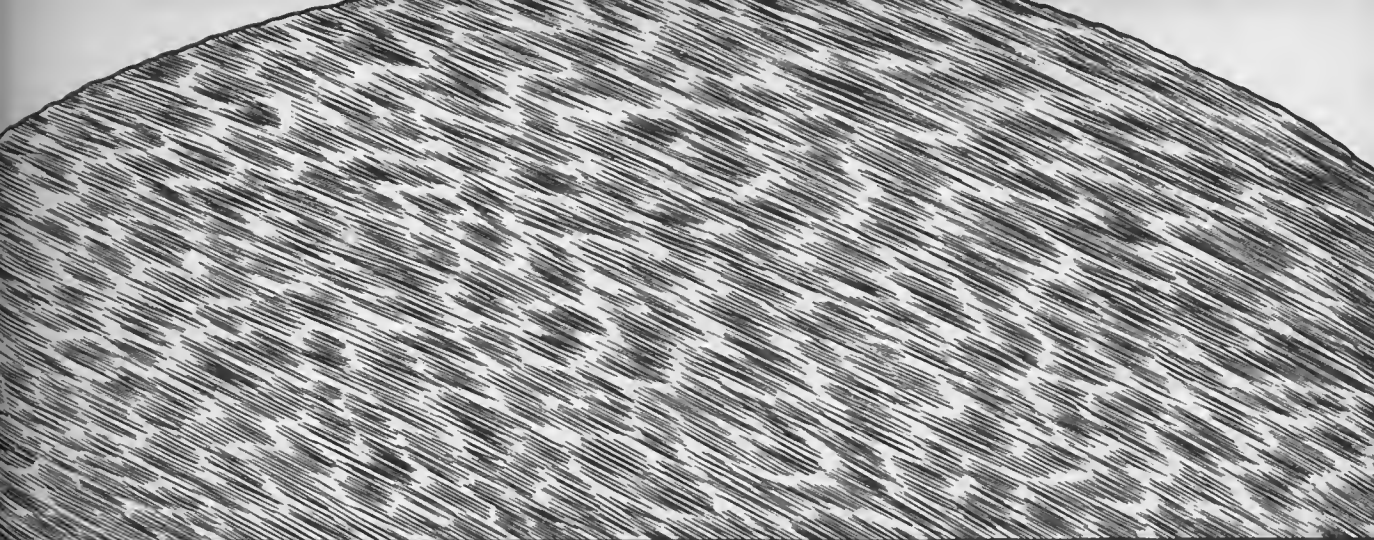


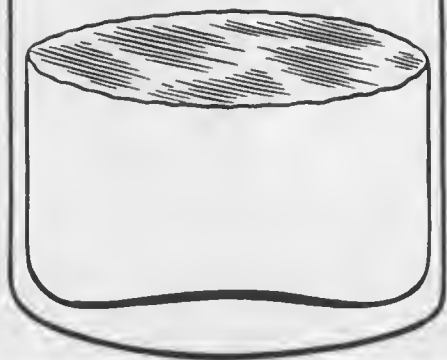
I Love the Sea
Because it is
BOUNDLESS.

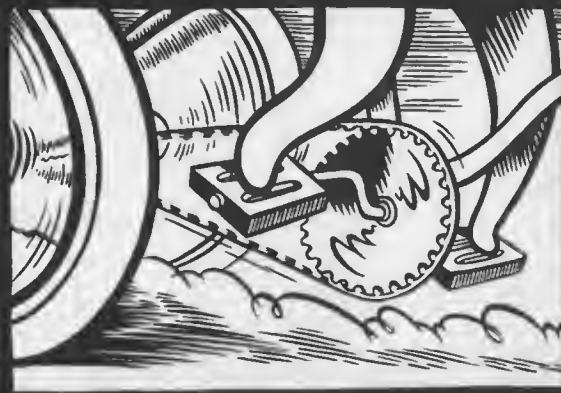
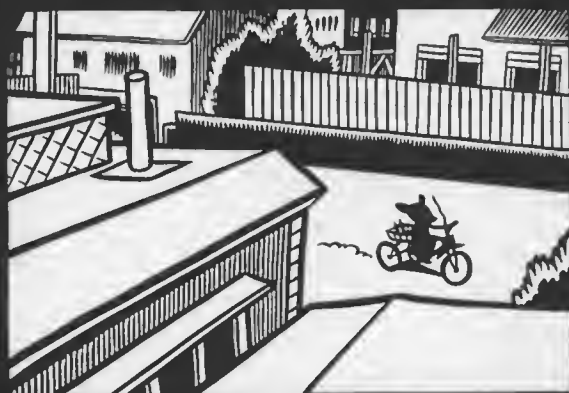
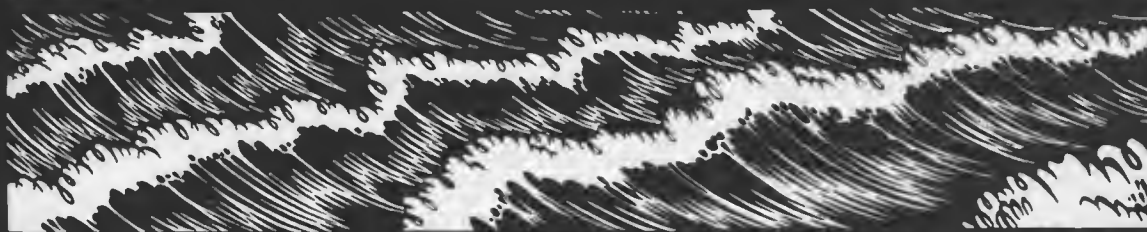
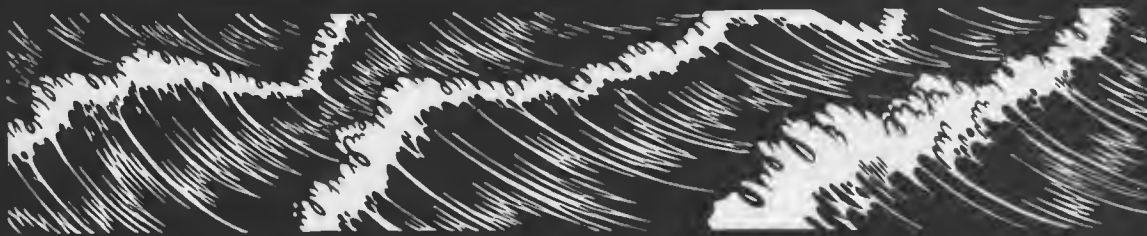
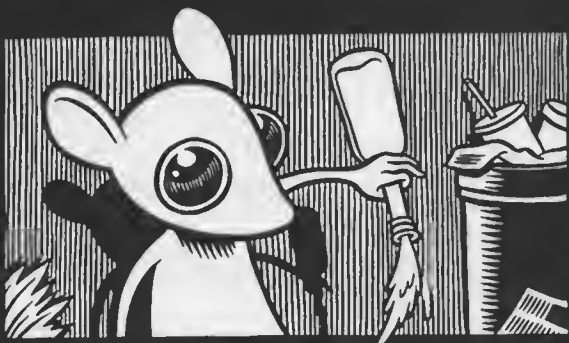


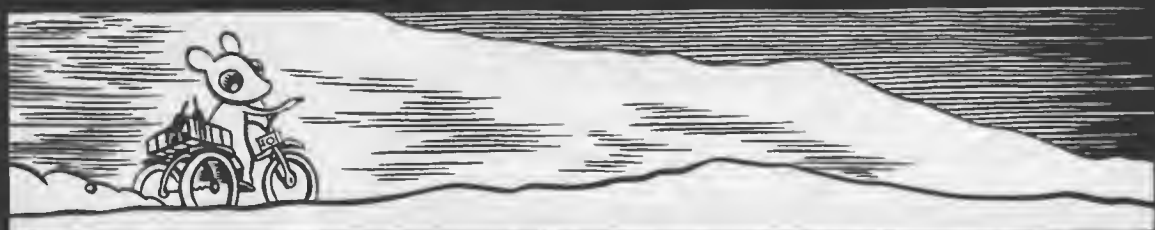
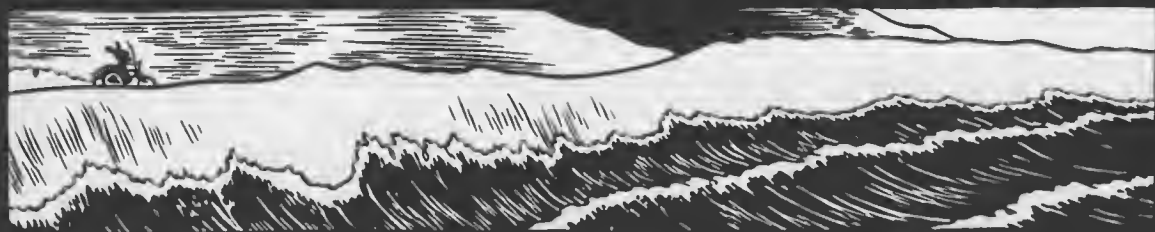
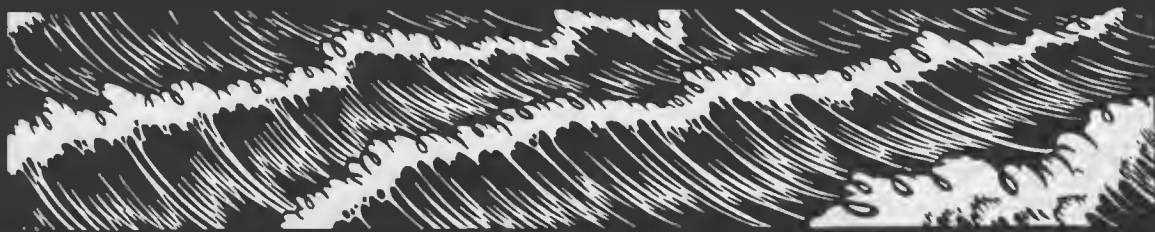




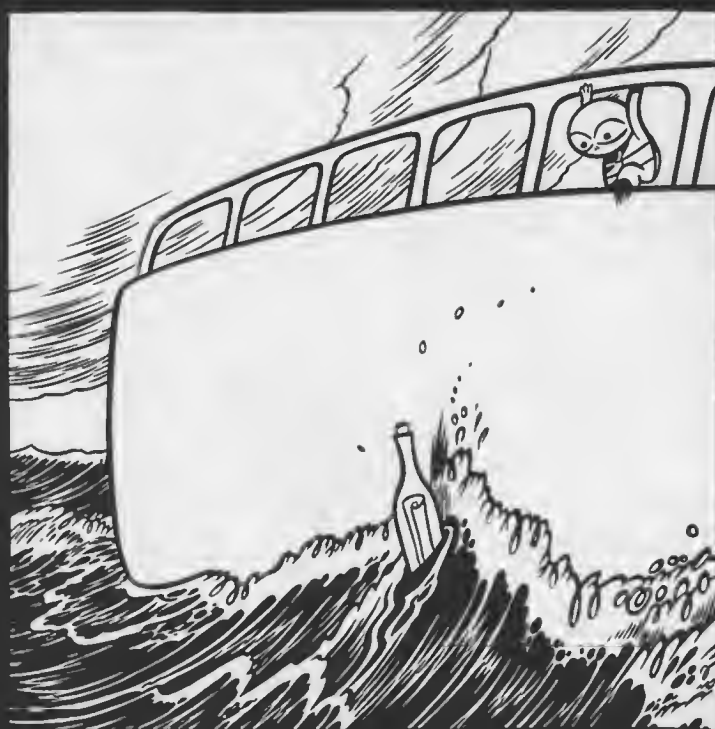








CLUNK

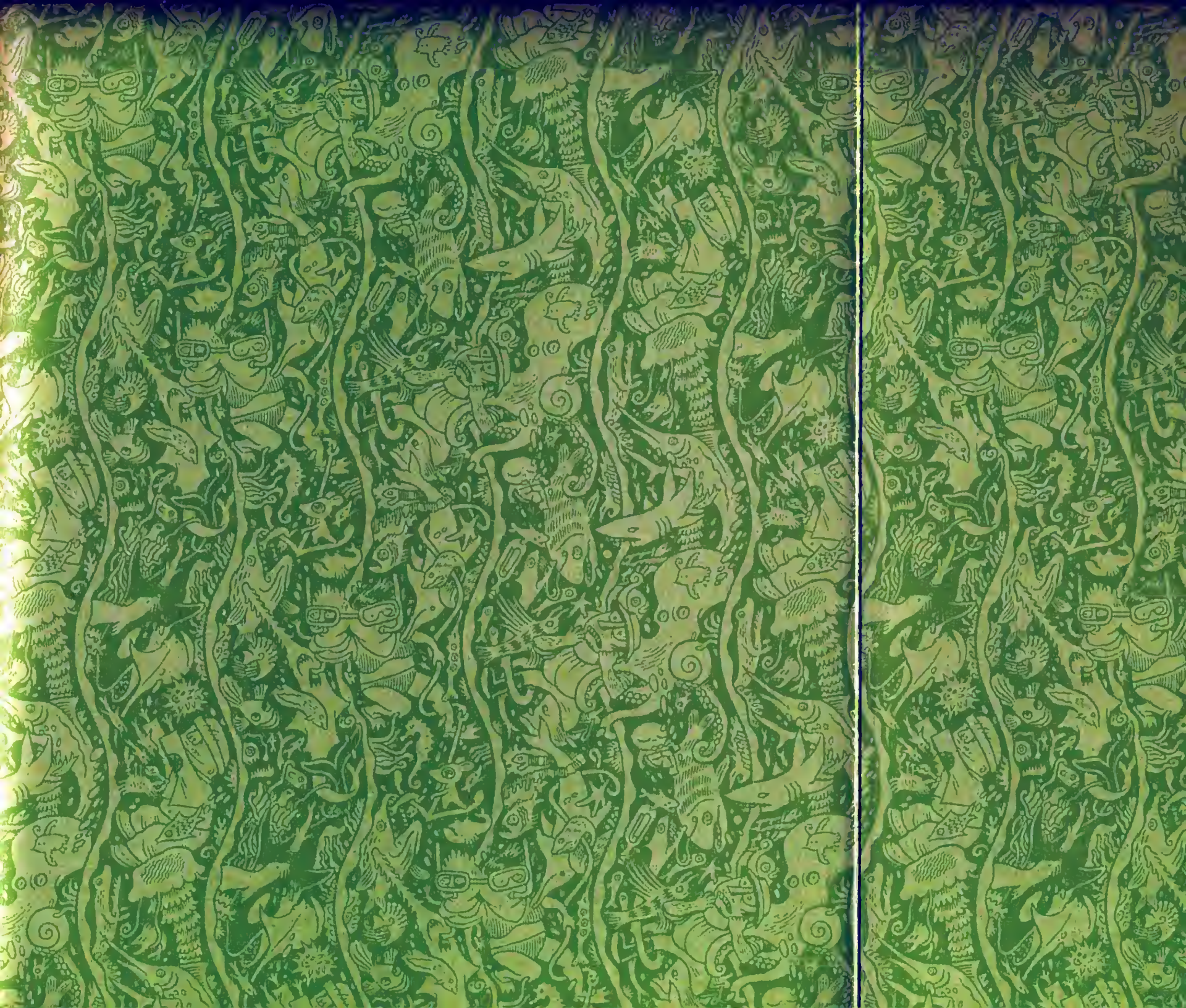


This Book is for all the letters I owe to...
AARON, ALYSSA, ALYSON, CHARLIE, CHRISTINA,
DALLAS, DARCY, DAVID, GENADY, GEORGE, GREGORY,
HARVEY, JAMES, JEFF, JEREMY, JESSICA, JILL, KALYSTA,
KATIE, KEVIN, KRISTEN, KURT, MARSHA, MATT C.,
MATT K. (1976-1998), MELISSA B., MELISSA D.,
MIKE, MONICA, OMAR, PEGI, PHIL, SARAH, SCOTT,
SEAN, SHARON, STU, TIMMY, TIMOTHY, TODD,
VERONICA & LAKE MICHIGAN. (Milwaukee, WI)
Extra thanks to Pegi Taylor, Kalah Allen,
Miriam Elman, Brett Warnock, Chris Staros,
Eddie Campbell, Dylan Horrocks, Jeff Smith,
and Alan Moore for BOUNDLESS
support during this Book's
completion.



CRAIG THOMPSON
WAS BORN IN MICHIGAN
IN 1975 AND GREW UP
IN AN ISOLATED FARMING
COMMUNITY IN CENTRAL
WISCONSIN. THIS, HIS FIRST
FULL-LENGTH GRAPHIC NOVEL,
WAS DRAWN WHILE
LIVING IN PORTLAND, OR.





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"Thompson has crafted an enduring fable in words and pictures--an alternative-comics answer to Saint Exupéry's THE LITTLE PRINCE--that will charm anyone separated from a dear and loving friend." - PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

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- ALAN MOORE, creator of FROM HELL, WATCHMEN, V FOR VENDETTA



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Scanner's Notes:

*****TURN OFF YELLOW REDUCTION IN CDISPLAY*****

Had some problems with ghosting on this one, which could be due to the paper the graphic novel was printed on. The first third of the book was workable, but the binding started to give towards the middle, so I had to do what I could in Photoshop without making it too light.

Also note that the original was far from true black, and I tried to stay true to that in the scan, as the lighter black softens the image just a bit, which keeps with the tone of the story better than ultra-high contrast B/W. Run-on run-on run-on...

-Blackbeard